

CYCLISTS LIKE IT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 40.

[PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY.]

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 7, 1909.

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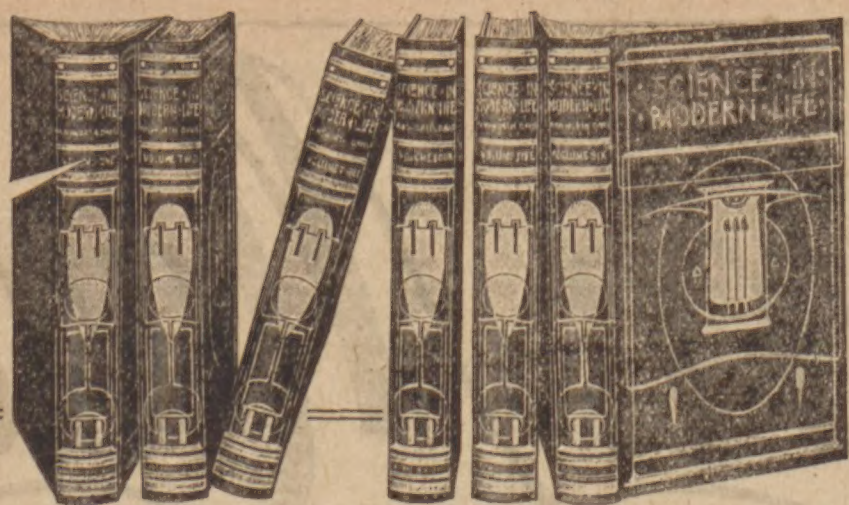
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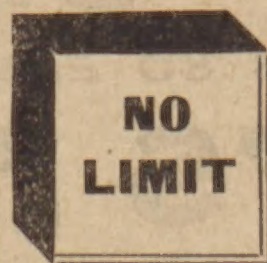
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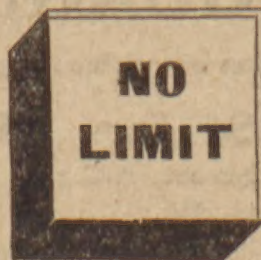
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The Modern Man



I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 40.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 7TH, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

WHY ARE THEY SHIRKERS. NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTRY?

Many a man takes his wages who has not earned them, and hence arises the need for the army of supervisors, overseers, foremen, time-keepers and checkers of all sorts, whose duty it is to take note of the movements of their fellow men.

This army is in reality an army of spies who are rendered necessary by the presence in every workshop and factory of those who are unproductive servants by reason of their readiness to shirk work whenever an opportunity occurs.

But there is a whole army of workers who, though their work might be shirked all day long and almost every day, are very seldom guilty of betraying the trust reposed in them.

They are not town workers. They are those who find their life's work out in the fields far from companionship and farther still from the eagle eye of the timekeeper or the informer.

I have wandered far and wide over the countryside of the greater part of England and I have watched carefully the ways of the virile men who would be killed out by a town shirker, and I have seldom come across a

man of the constant contact with nature, the freshening qualities that may flourish, but are not nurtured, in cities.

Far away from the hum of machinery or the ceaseless activities of the factory, they set about their work with the regularity of those whose team, ploughman is out on the field with his

and in furrows, and he never thinks of ceasing his monotonous toil until the hour that custom and the necessity for rest and food have decreed.

No "buzzer" rouses him in the morning. The resumption of his dinner bell and his summons to that he is not neglectful.

The stonebreaker, with the growing heap of small stones at his side, strikes on steadily through the day, stopping only for his dinner hour, and taking up the work again without a suspicion of reluctance.

Out in the fields the hedger cuts and trims the tangled briars and hawthorns, and makes the fences secure and proof against the straying cattle.

The road-mender, with spade and shovel and pick, spreads the metal evenly upon the surface with only an occasional glance to left or right.

Common to them all is a certain pride in their work which calls forth their unceasing effort and banishes any lurking inclination to slack from each things easily.

Hours might be stolen by public or private employers, but one and all these men are a virile, sturdy race who need no spur but that of pride, and each is worthy of

A. BARLOW.

CHEEK.

"Lost seventeen pounds in a month!" said the plunger contemptuously, as he scanned the fat-reducing tablet testimonial. "I lost twenty in an afternoon at Goodwood."

"A man that understands," says an advertisement, "could show you why our suits are 12s. 6d. There is a subtle difference between our tailoring and some tailoring." Precisely—but, all things considered, we should prefer "some" tailoring.

Fourteen Suffragettes, sent to gaol for window-breaking, announced their intention of speaking and singing whenever they liked. Nothing having been heard of them since their incarceration, it is probable that the warders, poor devils, are dead.

Like "Brewster's Millions," Buelow's millions are "off."

"Lords to be Abolished," reads a poster. Cricketers are comforting themselves with the reflection that the Oval will still be left to them.

A zoologist paper points out that the tiger grows very old before his stripes "gradually fade into more sombre hues." Alas we are but beasts after all. It is the same with our socks and shirts.

"In this country," said a stay-at-home M.P., "there is room on top for everyone who is ambitious—even if he starts as a shoeblack." Shoeblacks always shine, anyhow.

The auctioneer who sold the L.C.C. steamboats remarked that it was "giving the boats away." It gives the council's business methods away also.

New version of old song:
"We don't want to fight, for, by Jingo, if we do
We've got no ships, we've got no men, we've
nervous breakdown, too."

In honour of his seventieth birthday Lord Huntingdon is to be presented with a bust by the Huntingdon people. We less celebrated people have to pay for our own busts when we go on one.

Mr. A. Fell, the Member for Great Yarmouth, says that the Budget taxes on the rich will cause him to curtail his expenses considerably. It is believed that he still hopes, however, to be loyal to his breakfast bloater.

An article in the "Daily News" points out that there is a market for British Commercial Travellers in Switzerland. Several enterprising English Commercials are now very busy translating their stock of funny stories into French.

J. B. PONDERS.

SUMMER SMOKING.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

It is well-known to the tobacco trade that when a man is on holiday he smokes half as much again as he does ordinarily.

There is small reason why he should not, for the outdoor life generally led by holiday makers serves to counteract any ill-effects that might otherwise result from an over-indulgence in tobacco.

I state the case as it stands, not to warn anybody against smoking, for personally I regard it as one of the comforts of life, but at the same time I think it is worth while considering the whole matter of tobacco during your vacation.

If you are spending your holiday in loafing on the beach and generally taking life easily—and there is a world to be said for such a course—you can pretty well smoke as much as you like without doing yourself the faintest degree of ill; but if on the other hand you are spending a strenuous holiday—and such holidays are now greatly in favour—you will be well advised to cut down your tobacco as far as possible.

If you are on a cycling tour, and if, taking advantage of the fact that you are now outside the discipline of an office where smoking is forbidden, you puff to your heart's content, your throat will get dry and you will find it necessary to drink more than you would otherwise want to do. One thing and the other will not only prevent you from covering the planned distance with that ease which you expected, but may even make a pain of a holiday which should otherwise be pleasurable.

If, therefore, your holiday is strenuous, cut down your smoking as far as possible during the day and leave it as a solace for the evening. An evening pipe tastes twice as pleasant if you have knocked off during the day.

The easiest way to cut down your consumption of tobacco is to change your particular form of indulgence. If you are a cigarette smoker, take, for the time being, to a pipe. If your usual favourite is a pipe, adopt cigarettes.

You should also change your brand of tobacco, for a new brand is much more satisfying, and with it you can feel that you have had enough long before your system has been overloaded with tobacco.

While indulging in exercise, it is wise to avoid Turkish or Egyptian cigarettes, which have a much more drying effect upon the throat than either Virginia cigarettes or a pipe. If you are smoking a pipe, it is advisable to select a plain navy cut instead of a mixture, for the same reason.

If, during your holiday you are in the happy position of spending your days in reading and dozing beneath the leafy branches of a spreading tree, the pipe for you is the luxurious Oriental hookah. You can get a serviceable one for less than five shillings, and sixpence more will fill its vessel with rose-water through which the smoke will bubble cool and perfumed to the mouthpiece.

D. A. PHILLIPS.



The Weekly Run.

A SUNDAY AWHEEL.

Since Sunday is the only day in the week that the majority of us can call our own it is well worth while seeing to it that not an hour is wasted.

Without any attempt to lay down copy book maxims of morality, it may be said that very little indeed can be accomplished in a day unless some sort of a plan is ready to be put into execution as soon as the day arrives. In many respects a day is like a kit-bag. Some people bundle things into a bag with no attempt to make them work in with one another, while other people so contrive their packing that the bag is never full and is always capable of holding something else without undue crushing and squashing.

The cyclist will be up and back from his bath, shaved, and practically dressed in the easiest, coolest togs, and anxious to start, by the time his breakfast is ready.

This should be a substantial meal—the most substantial of the day until his return, for it is probably the experience of all cyclists and outdoor men, as it is my own, that no meal so little impedes the fullest measure of exercise of all the limbs, and so little clogs the nerves and senses, as breakfast.

THE CYCLIST'S MEALS.

The man who takes a lot of food and drink at the conventional hours during a day's cycling, and who still feels completely fit and ready for the road—the long and hilly road—is quite the exception among sportsmen.

Breakfast, then, should be the basis of the day's operations. It should be taken with leisure, and during its enjoyment ten minutes or so should be spared for a final consultation of the map in order to get the lie of the land to be traversed well fixed in the mind's eye.

There is great pleasure to be found in reading the map, and the cyclist should never be separated from one while on his Sunday run.

When he has picked out his route and made mental notes of main and secondary roads, of bridges, hills, railway crossings, and other features, let him fold it away and place it in an outside pocket.

I advise an outside pocket for a very simple reason. For many years I carried my maps in an inner breast pocket of my loose Norfolk jacket. It was merely a habit, and I did it solely from habit.

Then I happened to be cycling once when I had a bad cold, and the constant opening and buttoning up of my coat for handkerchief and map became such a nuisance that it spoiled my ride.

THE WAY TO CATCH COLD.

Moreover, this opening and shutting of the coat is in itself a danger, for a severe cold may be contracted on any ride if the warmth of the body is alternately collected and dissipated suddenly.

It is not advisable to start too early on an ordinary day's run out and home. I consider sixty-five miles the ideal distance to travel between the start and the arrival back home again.

All sorts of pleasant feelings of anticipation fill the mind as the first few familiar miles begin to pass; and the radius, beyond which the country has the freshness of novelty, is crossed with a delicious look forward into the infinite possibilities of the day.

Everything along the roadside has its attractions. There is the sense of companionship with other cyclists who also are finding their own peculiar pleasures in the same way.

There is the call of the far country in the ears.



The valleys spread out before you as you top the hill, and you look a long way forward trying to pick out the double line of trees that mark the road.

You are on a great mission, free from care, your "engines" are working splendidly, the soft click and whirr of revolving wheels and balls comes up to you with a pleasant reassuring murmur.

Many quaint spots invite you to stay, and rest, and explore. But on you go. You are lured on by that disinclination to dismount that is so common a feeling among long distance cyclists—the true wheelmen who love the pastime and the machine as opposed to those who merely use it as a convenience and time-saver.

Such "cyclists," I always think, can have none of the real pleasure of the road. The bicycle becomes to them a sort of ever-present penny bus to be jumped into only when pressing business is afoot, and to be left and clean forgotten afterwards.

THE MIDDAY HALT.

And when you reach the limit of your ride you draw up steadily at house or village, hill or valley, with a feeling of complete satisfaction.

The dust has gathered on the wheels and has crept up towards your knees, and as you stand surveying your new surroundings you realise for the first time what a total transformation you have wrought in feelings, sights and sounds by a steady three or four hours' driving of the chain.

For a full hour you may ramble at will, or settle down beneath some shady hedge, or on the banks of a little brook, and smoke a pipe of veritable peace and enchantment.

And then to the little inn, or welcoming cottage, where something appetising and cooling may be found at a very light expenditure of coin. You lie at rest when thirst and hunger have been satisfied, and you trace your course upon the map, fixing this and that village and putting a tiny cross or dot at some spot that has given you special pleasure.

Not until the daylight begins to fade perceptibly do you bestir yourself and think of the ride back again, perhaps by some altered route that joins the more familiar road some miles ahead, so that you may know with certainty which road to take when darkness falls, or that still more confusing half-light between day and night.

A WORLD AT REST.

The evening hours of Sunday in the heart of rural England have ever caught the imagination of the traveller. There is an atmosphere of quiet happiness pervading all things.

The yoke of the employer, the burden of work, the chains of week-day cares, seem to have been loosened from the shoulders and backs of the people.

The tinkle of village church bells comes intermittently across the fields. The labourer leans contentedly upon his garden gate, his work-a-day arms folded at rest, their massive muscles and tough sinews slackened for a season.

The road becomes a mystery with the onset of dusk. Where the trees meet above it the darkness has already settled.

Far ahead the lights of town send up their mitigated Sunday glow into the low clouds, and with the evening's cooler air you forge ahead with increasing speed.

By slow degrees the houses grow along the roadside. Traffic multiplies, and you are in the midst of comparative bustle and activity.

A warm bath, a good supper, and eight hours' unbroken sleep are the three last rites in your Sunday run. Your last thought is that next and every Sunday you will go and do likewise.

VICTOR E. STAFFORD.

MALE EMOTIONS.

II. SYMPATHY.

It would be a sad world indeed if each one of us did not possess this emotion in our composition in greater or less degree.

The sweets of success, the triumph of achievement, the impulse towards betterment both of character and position, all these owe their very origin to sympathy. It is the little leaven that leaveneth the whole.

I suppose there is not a man who is worthy of the name who is without an ambition of some kind, and it is as certain that times come when the accomplishment of that ambition seems possible, when a grey desolateness overwhens the heart and sick hopelessness weakens the will.

Then is sympathy strengthening; it clears the despair-clouds from the heavens of the mind like a warm sunshine, and at once the vista is clear and hope revives again.

Has every man realised that the fact of his having emotions at all is one of the most mysterious things in an existence teeming with the mysterious?

What is sympathy? Why should we sympathise? Why should we feel deserted without it?

It is an attribute peculiar no more to one sex than another. It is neither pity nor love, yet it is both. It is void of sexual assumption, yet it is not, as so many people hastily assume, the faculty of understanding. It is possible to sympathise without understanding, but it is not possible to understand without sympathy.

A woman with a pure life can sympathise with a fallen sister, but she cannot understand her. The weakness that resulted in the pitiful downfall is beyond her comprehension because she is free from that particular weakness herself.

Sympathy can exist between a man and a woman who have no love for one another; it is, love such as is usual between the sexes.

There is sympathy of the intellect when the aims are alike; there is the sympathy of suffering, than which there is no purer kind; there is, too, the sympathy of sinfulness (all good things can be misused) when two souls find their less instincts akin and effect an alliance which more than doubles their individual power of injury to their fellows.

Of this latter kind the recent case of Dr. Windell and King provides an example. They were men with high endowment of abilities whose sympathy resulted in lamentable mistakes.

And, speaking of that case reminds me of a sympathy which almost invariably is inane and harmful—the sympathy of the public for notorious law-breakers, which is more common than not one-eyed and unwarranted by circumstances.

When Horace Rayner murdered Whiteley and was subsequently sentenced to death, undoubtedly the hysterical outburst of sympathy for him was the cause of the death-sentence being commuted to penal servitude for life. Does anyone imagine that was a kindness to Rayner? Did he not make a determined effort at suicide by opening a vein in his wrist? Would he wonder that he desired death after his life was wrecked?

Sympathy should be tempered by control. It is the one link that binds us to all other members of the human race; in other words, it is the cause and creator of brotherly love.

By it we encourage when courage fails; we trust; we sorrow with sorrow and lighten the pain-heavy heart by voluntary sharing of part of its burden; we joy in the happiness of others, gladly, and without the built up of emotions. Sympathy is one of the corner-stones. The shape of that corner-stone may be beautiful or unsightly as you will.

Use upon it the sand-paper of your sense and it will be good to look upon.

G. WAIN.

AN IMPRESSION.

By HUGH F. PETLEY.

HOW IT FEELS TO JOIN THE TERRITORIALS

It would be hard to say how the idea of joining first came to me. It is not one of those things that come suddenly to a man; rather does it grow imperceptibly, and the source of it can scarcely be discovered.

I suppose I must have been in the first instance, influenced by seeing some Territorial times in uniform and by my consciousness of clothes, better looking than my own civilian dressing well—I had paid a good deal more for my clothes than the Government had paid for his.

THINKING ABOUT IT.
As to the first inception of the idea I can scarcely rely upon my memory, but I recall vividly a certain dance where a young lady asked me if I was in the Territorials, and when I confessed that I was not, she seemed to be disappointed and began to talk about certain of my acquaintances who were.

So far I had not seriously considered joining, for the whole thing seemed to me to be a bit swank and foolery, but the ice was now broken, and prejudices were beginning to disappear, and gradually I began to feel that I should like to be a Territorial myself.

I should like this for some considerable time and hesitation had it not been for an unforeseen meeting with some of my friends.

Two of them were in their uniforms, and the rest of us began to chaff them.

Naturally the two Yeomen stuck up for themselves and their comrades with all the strength of argument that lay in their power, and, as we heaped ridicule upon their heads, one said: "You fellows laugh now, but you won't when it comes to the time for fighting. Then you'll all wish you were Terriers, but you'll find that they won't take you because you are not trained and wouldn't be any use."

MY MIND MADE UP.
I thought about that remark, and one thing becoming a Territorial.

The drawbacks to serving—the time taken up in drills, submitting oneself to be ordered about by other people who are not paying you any money, the restriction of your holiday to service ten, and I thought only of the fact that one day it might possibly happen that the country might find even me useful, and also, to be perfectly candid, I had visions of myself resplendent in a magnificent uniform.

As very often happens, when I had at last made up my mind, I found almost insurmountable obstacles in the way.

The hours which were in vogue at the office in evening drills, and even my Saturday afternoons were uncertain.

Nevertheless I approached my chief, told him that I should very much like to become a Territorial, and asked him whether it would interfere with the work of the office.

WHAT THE CHIEF SAID.
His reply was an uppercut.

"Waste your time at a game like that?" he said. "Never so long as you are in my employ!"

From that moment onwards, my mind was absolutely made up that by hook or by crook I should join the Territorials, and, further, that I should join a mounted corps.

My work was in London, and all the Yeomanry units there were full up; I therefore set about getting a job in an office of a similar class somewhere in the country, where it would be possible for me not only to have leisure enough for putting in the necessary drills, but also to gratify a longing which I had harboured



for years, that of learning to ride a horse.

It took me three months altogether to arrange matters, but eventually I obtained a job in a provincial town under the condition that my new employer would allow me the necessary time for training.

My enthusiasm may best be illustrated by the fact that in London I was being paid 35s. a week, while in my new position I was to get only 30s. a week.

APPLYING.

I am glad to say, however, that I find that living in a country town costs me very much less than it did in London, so that over the deal I am really in pocket.

Immediately on taking up residence in the new town—I shall not mention its name or that of the Regiment I have joined, because I don't think they would like the publicity—I applied to the Sergeant-Major of the Squadron in whose area I resided.

It was three long days afterwards till I received a reply from him. In it he said:

Mr. H. F. Petley,

"Sir,

"I received your letter expressing your wish to join our Corps. Will you please read the enclosed and try to meet me at B— Station at 1 p.m. on Saturday next. If not convenient that day, will you please notify and name some other to suit yourself.

"Yours faithfully,

"— S. S. M."

This letter was enclosed in a long envelope which had printed at the top of it and underlined, the words: "ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE."

I felt that I was a soldier already.

WHAT I HAD TO ANSWER.

The "enclosed" to which he referred, was a document, giving the conditions of service in the Territorial Force, with an enumeration of all the pains and penalties attached to breaking the simple and just rules thereof.

On the back appeared a "Certified copy of Attestation."

In connection with this I had to answer altogether sixteen questions.

What was my name? Where had I been born? Was I a British subject? What was my age, my trade, in whose employ was I? Where did I reside? Was I an apprentice? Was I married? Did I belong to the Army, the Marines or the Navy? Had I ever served in the Army? Did I belong to any Cadet Corps? Had I ever been rejected as unfit for the Military or Naval Forces? Had I received a notice, and did I understand its meaning? Was I willing to be attested for the term of four years? Did I understand that I should have to attend the drills and that I should have to meet certain penalties if I failed to do so, or to comply with the other regulations of the Force?

All these questions were extremely simple, and

I felt inclined to fill up the attestation form there and then, only the single line allowed for each question seemed inadequate for the expression of my answer or of my enthusiasm.

On the day appointed I duly met the Staff Sergeant-Major on the platform of the little railway station which serves the town where the Squadron has its headquarters. It is twenty miles from my own town, for the area of the Squadron is a wide one.

THE S. S. M.

The Sergeant-Major was wearing a stern military expression—a relic of the old days when he served in the Lancers—but he was nevertheless very pleasant, perhaps because he felt he had not yet got me fairly on the book and thought it possible that he might lose the bounty which I believe he gets for each recruit. But I had no intention of changing my mind, and when he told me that the doctor was waiting for me, I stepped out with him down the High Street to the house where the Medical Officer for the Squadron resided.

The doctor put me through my facings in a thorough manner.

I had to strip to the waist and breathe inwards and outwards while he placed his stethoscope on my chest and listened intently.

I do not think there is one inch of my chest or back that he did not examine.

After using the stethoscope, he laid one hand on my skin and tapped upon it with the other.

He took so long over this part of the business that I began to fear that I must be the victim of some unsuspected malady, but at length he invited me to put my clothes on.

Then came the examination of my eyes. He stood at the other side of the room and held up a card on which he could show as many spots as he wanted. I had to cover up one eye and tell him the number of spots; then I went through the same process with the other eye. This was easy, for my sight is good.

THROUGH!

Next he measured my height and made me take my boots off and stand on my toes to see that my feet were sound.

Patients were waiting in the surgery to see the doctor, and, when he had filled in the necessary forms, he left me and the Sergeant-Major together while I completed the process of dressing.

"I've got through, I suppose?" I said to the Major.

"You have," he said, and I caught his hand and gripped it till my wrist grew sore.

We left the doctor's house and went to that of a local magistrate, whom we found busy nailing a creeper against the wall.

He came inside with us, made some remark to the Sergeant-Major about the local Yeomanry being nearly full up, and asked me to repeat the attestation oath after him.

The Sergeant-Major produced from his pocket a New Testament in a light blue cover, and I kissed it reverently.

"Now," he said, "you're a Trooper. There's only the formality of sanction from Headquarters to be gone through, and that's a foregone conclusion. Shake hands again."

We shook hands and we drank the health of one another and of the Squadron.

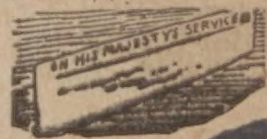
HAPPY AT LAST.

I have made the only purchases that were required of me—a pair of walking-out Wellingtons and spurs, and a whip.

The Wellingtons I have polished till I can almost see my face in them; the spurs I have burnished till they look like silver, though they are only plated; the mounting of the whip, with the regimental crest, I have rubbed till it is indistinguishable from gold.

To-morrow I am to have my uniform; to-morrow night I shall get home from work in record time, and try it on.

It is something to be able to call yourself a trooper. I don't swank about it, but I am happy.





THE WAY TO FEEL COMFORTABLE IN HOT WEATHER.

There is no reason why one should not feel perfectly fit during the warm weather, for the European gets on all right in the tropics, and our summer heat scarcely ever comes up to that.

The difference is that our Colonists know how to deal with the heat while we do not. We take it as a malignant visitation, stick to all our usual customs, set our teeth, and make up our minds to get through it as best we can.

Such a policy of resignation is a mistake, for there is an actual pleasure in heat, and even a tonic effect.

The first thing in dealing with hot weather is to get yourself in perfect health, and one of the things essential for doing so is to have sound sleep at night.

It is a common mistake in this country to sleep under far too many bedclothes. If you are wearing flannel pyjamas, a single linen sheet over you will, on a warm night, be quite sufficient; but if you feel that you require more, you ought to add a down quilt in preference to the heavier blanket. If you have any doubt about the sheet not being sufficient, put the quilt over your feet, so that if you feel cold you can pull it up during the night.

FRESH AIR.

Of course, you will have your windows wide open.

Sleeping in this way you will be fresh as a daisy in the morning and ready to tackle your work in spite of the heat.

Do not miss any point that can give you comfort during the warm weather. Have a bath every morning, shave yourself carefully and brush your hair well; feel, in fact, that you are absolutely trim and fit, for a feeling like that gives you the vigour which you need.

Talking of bathing reminds one that this is one of the secrets of comfort in the warm days. Bathe more than once each day if you can find the opportunity to do so. Failing that, a sponge down will answer very well; and even to wash your hands, your wrists and your face frequently, is conducive to a feeling of coolness.

Your clothes obviously require attention in hot weather. To go out in a thick dark suit, such as you would wear in the winter time, is to court violent discomfort.

SUMMER CLOTHES.

Have your summer suit of material as thin as possible, and select underwear of the cotton or linen mesh variety in preference to wool.

Wear shoes rather than boots, and have as light a hat as you can get. If you must wear gloves, have them of the thinnest cotton. Do not burden yourself by stuffing your pockets with the usual heavy papers, notebooks and so forth.

Another secret of hot weather comfort is to change your clothes frequently during the day.

If circumstances allow it, you should get into a different suit at the lunch hour, and in any case it is possible for you to have a change in the evening.

It is just as well, by the way, when making the evening change, to put on a suit, or at least underwear, which is a little thicker than what you have been wearing during the day, for the

Keeping Cool

cool of the evening that follows a hot day is treacherous.

There is no need to be lazy during hot weather, provided you take things as they ought to be taken. It is the man who fusses who is continually mopping his brow and complaining of the heat. Do not fuss, but get through your work calmly and with as little irritation as may be.

In the matter of exercise it is wise to be very cautious during the hot weather. Avoid long cycle runs and cricket matches in the afternoon, and confine your active exercise to the cool of the evening. Then it will brace you up for the coming day; taken during the heat, it will exhaust you and make you unfit.

WHAT TO DRINK.

Presumably you do not drink to any extent, but if you are in the habit of having an occasional alcoholic refresher, you should knock it off during the warm weather, at least till evening.

A cup of tea—cold tea, even iced if you prefer it—or a cup of beef-tea, will buck you up every bit as well as a glass of beer, and the effects are much more pleasant, for you will have a stimulant without suffering from the depressing reaction which makes you sensitive to heat or any other discomfort.

For a time, at least, be temperate.

Fight the heat consistently, by walking on the shady side of the road, by eating moderately so far as beef is concerned and plentifully in the matter of fruit, by taking care of yourself generally.

There are other minor points which will be suggested by your own inventive faculty, and which are applicable only to your own particular profession or trade. You can readily think them out for yourself—the chief thing is that you act upon them.

T. D. BRITTON.

UNKIND REMARKS.

Talk is always cheap, except when you hire a lawyer to do it for you.

* * * * *

One good turn deserves another, but it doesn't always get it.

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People who wait for dead men's shoes generally find when they get them that they don't fit.

* * * * *

What the world needs to-day is more men who are not afraid to follow their own advice.

* * * * *

Blood will tell, especially your own blood relations when they have something mean to tell about you.

* * * * *

Poverty is the father of economy, and economy is the father of wealth. But wealth generally forgets its grandfather.

* * * * *

A man seldom sees a perfect man without looking in a mirror.

* * * * *

Love makes a man think almost as much of a girl as he does of himself.

* * * * *

Ignorance may be bliss, but the really self-satisfied chap always seems to imagine he knows all about everything.

* * * * *

When you are arguing with a fool just remember that the fool thinks he is doing the same thing.

* * * * *

Never mistake a polite acknowledgment for an encore.

THE REPROBATE.

A SKETCH.

He had the figure of an athlete, and he was bad to the core.

I met him on board a big Atlantic liner. He was going out for the good of his friends—and his country, and he was not taking a single regret with him.

He was the son of a country parson, and in the pretty little West of England Rectory there was a great relief because he had gone.

In years he was still a young man, but in sin he had passed the allotted span.

Good looking—but with dissipation's hall-mark on every line of his physiognomy—he still bore traces of his college education in his accent and his manners, but he was fast getting to that stage, when he would be ashamed of being different to his companions, and that is the lowest depth!

As it was, he chose them of a lower class than he had been born into, and they're a pretty mixed lot even on the big floating hotels.

This man who had been brought up amid refined surroundings, who had learned his prayers at a mother's knee and had been taught to reverence all good things, had become so that he respected no one and held nothing sacred.

He got up a bit of a scrap with one of the ship's crew—but though the sailor was no novice with the gloves, there was only one opponent to sleep.

He seemed to have plenty of money, and he gambled freely—and play runs high on board ship—and he drank on the same lines. But he was one of those passengers that Captains are not sweet on, for he was a quarrelsome brute in his cups.

He was bound for a place called Calgary, going to turn his horsemanship to a practical use and be a cowboy.

Among the passengers was a sort of lay preacher or Bible man, and the conversation had turned on our several destinations.

The reprobate said he was going to some place—"Cal-Cal—" he couldn't think of the name. "Ah! Calvary!" He thought that was it.

"No, no!" said the Bible man. "Not Calvary—certainly not. You are never going there."

And for the first time the fellow was silent. He looked at the speaker in silence, but his face was devilish in its malignity.

Funny thing that that speech should have angered him. He was morally rotten, and yet he did not like the idea that this Bible man put him quite outside the Christian pale.

What became of him?

Well! if this was a made-up character instead of one of the real flesh and blood sheep, which, alas! are bred too often in this tight little island of ours—he would perish as a hero somewhere or other, like Jim Bludso of like kidney, and the parson and his would be able to speak of their boy with tears of pride in their aged eyes.

But as it is, there is a chance of one of these things happening to him.

He may break his neck rounding up cattle on some big ranch, or he may have a bullet put into his worthless carcass by some fellow reprobate in a drunken quarrel in one of the gambling dens out West.

But the chance that is safest to bet on, is that he will sneak home again and prey on the folks, and cast a blight on the younger children, planting silver threads in his brother's hair and ploughing with "the wrinkle's" sister.

And he will be extra busy sowing the seed of his own corruption among the village lads.

They lynch such scum as this out West. Here the steamboat and the railway companies alone make a profit out of him.

CHARLES WARREN.

SEEN BY A NEW
RAY OF LIGHT.

Somewhere in the Scriptures it is written that it is not good for a man to be alone. That sounds very much like the introduction to a sermon, but control your alarm! I am not going to preach.

No. Yet the truth of those words comes to me with an immensity that I have never hitherto dreamt of, now, as I sit encompassed by the near four walls of bachelor diggings. I've had eleven years of it. Think of that, ye grumblers at home who have loving mother and sisters so tenderly attentive to your wants, or wife, perhaps, the sharer of your sorrows and com-bite into your flanks.

Oh, I know all about you, how that sometimes you reflect on such as I am and envy my freedom of life, freedom from care.

Surely, if happiness lies in being the envied of others, I should be happy. But I'm not, you know. I'm most confoundedly and indescribably wretched. Just as wretched as you are some-times when you are fool enough to imagine that a different manner of living would make you happier.

I mean no offence by the epithet. I have been guilty of the same folly myself.

And yet all that is the surface of things, and as deceptive as the face, or the spoken word, or things seen.

The surface, my quite as lonely comrades, is the thing beneath which we hide. Furtive we are, and intensely shy of discovery. Name of Truth! what a shock to the world if but one of us came out and showed himself!

I think those of us that peeped would be struck blind at the leprous sight. And again I would rush forth and cry:

"Indeed, if this be Man, no wonder the good God took such special interest in him!"

For I would have you know that Man is not a worm, nor is he an archangel disguised, nor is he the highest development as yet of an evolutionary purpose toiling onwards to an illimitability that we call Perfection.

Man is—who knows what he is? Not he himself of a surety.

These sayings be toys. We play with definitions, we expend years in affixing labels to things we don't understand (for example, who knoweth what Electricity is?), we manufacture problems and amuse ourselves with the solving of them.

But all the time we live; and it isn't our theories, and it isn't our cares, nor our politics, nor our inventions, nor our servants, oxen, and the multitudinous asses round us, nor any of the ten thousand and one details of our civilisation that matter to the Man hiding within the recesses of his personality. Those are his occupations. No; it is our loneliness.

And that loneliness, comrades, is the one vast, eternal difference between Man and the rest of Material Creation.

A bold statement that, many will say. And those of you who love Nature will resist the assertion that you are different from Nature. You will recall the rare, divinely deep moments when you were one with Her, a part and product of the Great Mother, on whose breast you sunk a tired head and drank of peace. . . . You will recall when you were alone with Her.

Do you understand the meaning, now? Man is in sympathy with Nature only at fugitive moments—moments, the intensity of whose sweetness permeates the memory and renders all

THE MAN ALONE



the occupations of his days barren by contrast. We are an alien creation. We are imbued with a foreign spirit. We are alone.

Does one imagine the tree to be lonely, the violet on the bank? Oh, yes, poetically so. But not in truth. (Condemn me for heresy, ye poets!) For, for them, it is as good to be alone as in company with their like.

Finds one the animal who is alien to Nature, conscious of a barrier, lonely from birth unto death, amen? Does the lion, wild and free, suffer loneliness? He mates and breeds, he fights and feeds, and freely he roves, one with the Creative Spirit that brought him into being.

* * * * *

But our loneliness is not a thing that can be eased by companionship one with another, else were some lonely, such as I, alone in a room, and some not,

such as those amid home and family. But even the smallest child is lonely, and lonely will be to the last breath; secreting self, fearful of discovery, ashamed at times, and again, soaring into celestial ecstasy, to tell of which words will never be born.

Which is all a glorious thing, my fellows. Not a curse; nor a misery to ride us with rowels of hopelessness. For if we are alien, then we belong elsewhere. If the Material Creation that we know cannot hold us and satisfy us then we are bigger than it. We have a destiny.

Loneliness is but another name for the quenchless flame called immortality, the insatiable yearning that only eternity can satisfy. From it proceeds our belief in a Heaven.

Not from arrogance sprang that idea, and still less so from ignorance. Belief in a Heaven is but a result of the groping of a blind understanding. Belief in a Heaven is the foundation of all forms of religion; and religion is no more than an attempt to conceive the manner in which the agony of our present solitude of soul shall be requited.

That the conceptions have been divinely inspired as well as divinely assisted, I do firmly believe. In what manner and to what extent, the individual man must judge for himself. Only in creeds is there controversy. Let a man open his eyes upon himself and he will see himself alone.

* * * * *

After all, it has been very like a sermon, hasn't it? But I have no fear that you will blame me. We are brothers in loneliness; and the destiny that holds content is for each and all of us.

Which truth spells inspiration. A. G. STORM.

WHILE YOU ARE ON HOLIDAY.

We have received several complaints from readers who inform us that they find a difficulty in obtaining THE MODERN MAN in small country villages.

If you contemplate taking your holiday in some sparsely populated district, where you are doubtful as to obtaining the paper, we should advise you to order it in advance from our publishers, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C. Send 2d. in stamps for each copy you require, and they will be dispatched to you on the evening before publication, so that you will get them on the following morning as soon as anybody else.

By the way, you could also do us a very good turn while you are on holiday by putting in a good word for the paper whenever you can, for the wider our circulation becomes the better will the paper be. You have probably noticed several improvements in it already.

POT-HUNTING.

AN ATTEMPT TO JUSTIFY IT.

"Pot-hunter!" There is a world of scorn and sarcasm in the phrase. Without knowing exactly why, many a sportsman curls his lip in contempt as he hears the term shot like the last word in condemnation at some athlete.

The man who has once been labelled a pot-hunter is in as bad a way as the dog with a bad name.

He may equally well go and hang himself, for the reputation is one that can never be out-lived or lived down.

He is looked on as having forfeited the right to be called a sportsman; henceforth he is numbered among the black sheep of an otherwise honourable body of men. He is merely tolerated if necessary, ejected if possible.

Let us for a moment cut ourselves adrift from the conventional attitude towards this class of man and regard him in a purely unbiassed and disinterested way.

In the first place pot-hunting, in order to be successfully undertaken, must entail upon a man a very considerable degree of self-sacrifice, perseverance, and determination.

The man who never trains, who is only occasionally bitten by a keen desire to excel in sport, is never likely to make a good athlete. He will injure himself by sudden bursts of furious practice and will then fall back into indifference.

The pot-hunter has this much in his favour, that he is the one man who may always be found fit. If he is to carry away the trophies he is bound to keep up to concert pitch. Cups and medals and prizes of all sorts are not to be picked up by any casual effort. They are only attained as the result of very strenuous training, and I can see no snap of difference between the man who races and wins a cup, and the man who jumps and wins the momentary applause of a gathering of his fellows and their pretty sisters.

I am not at all sure that the pot-hunter is not freer of the pettiness that will find its way sometimes even into sport.

No man worth his salt ever entered a race, or any form of athletic contest, with any other idea than that of winning, or at least doing his utmost to do so.

So many of your "sport for sport's sake" athletes are not guiltless of a great deal of most unpleasing mock-modesty. Worshipping at the shrine of some distorted goddess of so-called "good form," they appear to enter a race or any other contest with a pious hope that the other fellow will win. Secretly they are hoping that the other fellow will lose his wind. And when they do pull off an event it's such a surprise to them! They never expected it!

All this flummery helps to spoil sport. The pot-hunter, on the contrary, openly declares his determination to "carry away that cup" to his diggings, to be added to the dozen or two others already on his shelves, and for thus admitting what the other conceals, he is branded as a "pot-hunter"!

If one does not enter a contest with a view to winning both race and reward, what in the name of cinder-track and race-course, of ring and river, does one go in for?

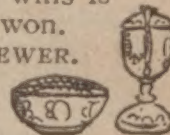
I suspect the man who runs only to win and who has no regard for the rewards. He's more or less than human, and has not got the courage of his normal human appetites.

He pretends he is not greedy, and no human being alive can say he is not greedy and expect to be believed.

Human nature demands some sort of token of victory, and it is only fair to the average pot-hunter to admit that he would usually be content to return to the laurel wreath of the ancients.

The truth is that we are all pot-hunters, but it is reserved to a very fortunate and energetic few ever to become pot-collectors. I have nothing but respect for the pot-hunter; he is open and above board, and every pot he wins is excellent proof that he has fought—and won.

T. BREWER.





NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS.

Many men who cannot afford to collect a large library of their own, and who are yet fond of reading, miss a great opportunity by not making a collection of newspaper cuttings.

If properly managed, such a collection may in a few years become a very valuable asset, and a regular cyclopædia of information on various subjects. Also it will contain many of the writings of the best modern authors which cannot be obtained in any other form, and it may well prove of the greatest value in after years.

The old system of pasting cuttings in a book is impossible if the collection is to be of any size, owing to the number of volumes it would take, and also owing to the difficulty of proper classification.

The best method is to keep a number of stout envelopes about 10 inches by 6 inches.

These you will probably have to get made for you, as they should open at the side, not the end, and the flap should be, for preference, ungummed.

The envelopes must be indexed on one of the top corners.

You will start with a few envelopes, each bearing some general label, such as "Sport," "Military," "Literary," "Personal," and so on.

Subjects not coming under these original headings will go into the "Miscellaneous" envelope.

Gradually, as you get two or three cuttings on some sub-division of these subjects or on some new subject, you will give them a separate envelope, until the whole collection is carefully classified.

Each cutting should be dated, and its source noted, when it is cut out.

OFFICER AND MAN.

One often hears Territorials—usually newly-joined ones, it is only fair to say—indulging in a tirade against their officers; sometimes it is justified, more often it originates in a sort of jealousy.

As an N.C.O. myself, and one who is brought into fairly close contact with the commissioned officers, I should like to say a word for them.

Some officers, it is true, are just snobs, and delight in exercising the authority to which their commission, but not their experience, entitles them. But even then it is unfair to be too hard on the newly-fledged subaltern who suffers from swelled head.

He will soon grow out of it when he finds out how little he really does know, and you may be sure he will get it taken out of him at the officers' mess.

But the average officer gives up a very great deal of time and hard work, and often of money, to making himself and his company, squadron or battery efficient.

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that he sometimes loses his temper on parade, and says things that are not quite polite when his men behave, look, and—worst of all—feel like born fools?

In fact, would you respect him if he didn't?

FROM OUR READERS

Then again many Territorial officers have served in the ranks, either of a cadet corps, an officers' training corps, or one of the old volunteer corps, and it is not fair to treat them as if they were just upstarts whom a little money had enabled to get themselves set above you.

And whatever you think of an officer personally, never omit to salute him.

It is the uniform, and not the man, that the soldier salutes.

The officer's uniform implies that the wearer of it holds the King's commission, and he is therefore entitled to respect, whether he be a Second Lieutenant or a Field Marshal.

SPEEDMAN AND SCORCHER.

Although at one time all men with any pretensions to speed on the bike were known as scorches, at the present time they would not all consider it an honour to be so-called. The terms Scorchers and Speedman each cover a different class of fast cyclists, and concise definitions of the two words should read something like the following:

Speedman, a sportsman on a bicycle.

Scorchers, a bounder on a bicycle.

There are several ways whereby you can recognise a scorcher. He makes a noise, either by yelling, ringing his bell at everything in the road within five yards of either side of him, or perhaps by a cheap horn.

He is almost sure to stick to the middle of the road—which, of course, belongs to him alone. If he is going at anything like twelve miles per hour or more when you see him, he is probably breathless, red-faced, and uncertain in his progress; and he appears to be using sufficient energy to ride a hundred miles in five hours or less.

The speedman is just as unobtrusive as the scorcher is self-advertising. He uses his own side of the road, especially in going round corners. His eighteen-an-hour pace, and his appearance, show that he is riding for riding's sake; and he is physically fit for it.

He has trained for such performances—unlike the scorcher, whose speed mania attacks him intermittently.

It is easy to tell the difference between a sportsman and a bounder on a bike.

THE INFANTRYMAN'S FIRST DUTY.

The cavalryman's first duty is always said to be to look after his horse; the infantryman's is by many said to be the care of his rifle, but even before that, if he is to be of any practical use, should come the care of his feet.

The infantryman must be able to move as rapidly as possible; sometimes he is called upon to be fit for a hard-fought action at the end of a twenty-mile march, and his only means of mobility is "Shanks' mare."

With almost every battalion there is a "foot inspection" in the middle of camp, but the wise man will keep his feet fit without any such incentive.

The first thing to see to is that the boots are comfortable. They should have been "broken in" before camp, and be kept well greased.

The socks should not be coloured, as the dye will poison the smallest sore, but should be of white worsted, or grey of the regulation Army pattern.

Before starting on a march, some boracic or other powder should be dusted inside the socks.

TRY YOUR HAND.

Send us a paragraph on some subject that really interests you. We want something dashing and original that will interest your fellow-readers.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. H. W. Borrow, 78A, Waterloo Road, Middlesbrough, for "Speedman and Scorchers."

or failing that they should be smeared with soap. And when putting them on it is important to see that there are no wrinkles and no large darns, which will soon irritate the foot.

Also see that the tongue is in place, so that as little dust as possible finds its way into the boot.

Puttees should be bound fairly tightly round the ankles, to support them, but loosely round the calf.

You cannot spend too much time and care on putting on your footgear properly, for once on the march, it cannot be shifted, and sore feet mean misery.

Lastly, if you begin to think you are being worked too hard, after you have marched a few miles, remember that it is nothing to what you might have to do on active service, and call to mind some of the great marches of history—for instance, that of Lord Roberts and his men from Kabul to Candahar, or some of the forced marches in South Africa.

SQUEAKY BOOTS.

It is a time-honoured jest when you hear a man with boots that creak and wail as he walks in them to say, "Those boots haven't been polished for."

It is very desirable, therefore, to know some means which will clear you of the imputation of owing your bootmaker money, as well as ridding you of considerable personal annoyance.

It is only the sole of a boot that squeaks, and the noise is due to the grating together of two layers of the sole leather.

One remedy is to soak the sole in water, and this is often efficacious, if you have the courage to do it thoroughly, but it is far better to stand the boots for a few days in oil.

The lid of a biscuit tin, if caulked at the corners, makes an excellent tray for this purpose, as the oil must only just cover the soles. It has the effect at the same time of waterproofing them.

Another excellent plan is to bore a hole in the centre of the sole, and to drive in a tightly fitting little peg of wood, which will prevent the friction between the layers of leather.

If, when wearing leggings, you find that the rubbing of the legging against the top part of the boot causes a squeaking, it can usually be cured by rubbing the polish off the boot with a wet cloth.

Brown boots that are habitually worn with leggings should never be polished where they come into contact with the inside of the legging.

YES, MR. —.

Handbooks on etiquette usually contain a page or two on the use and abuse of titles.

It will be explained to you that when conversing with His Majesty the King you should not address him as "Your Majesty," or even "Sire," too frequently, and that when you meet a Duke, you should not call him "Your Grace" more than fifty times a minute.

But it never seems to occur to them to refer to the titles that one meets with every day—Mrs. and Miss.

There is a certain type of man who, in his struggle for affability and politeness, punctuates his conversation with your name and style.

It positively gets on your nerves. "So-and-so" and "No, Mr. So-and-so," say, until you are sick of the sound of your own name.

Unless there are several people present whom you wish to make it clear to whom you are speaking, it is rarely necessary to address a man by name at all, and if you are not sufficiently familiar with him to drop the ill-sounding "Mister," it is best to avoid doing so.

And in any case, never call any senior man "Mr." behind his back.

At the 'Varsities to give a man this poor opinion of him, and classing him as an outsider.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

ONE OF THE BEST



"It looks like busting every-thing up, doesn't it?"

"Too true, too true."

It was the night of the Blackstaple Rowing Club dinner, and a coterie of the younger members lounged around generally in the vestibule of the hotel, awaiting the sound of the gong.

"Well, I can hardly believe it. Are you sure?"

"Abso-bally-lutely. I met young Sammy Vereker this morning and he was looking no end cut up."

"Been backin' losers, Sammy?" I asked him.

"No. Chucked keepin' bookies years ago," he said; "but Jack Charteris is in earnest this time. He says ta-ta to Blackstaple to-morrow; he's bidden a tender farewell to all the girls he ever loved, turned up his job at the bank, and he's off to the wilds of Timbuctoo or somewhere New York, to be precise. Don't suppose it affects you," he says, "but it means losing my best pal to me."

"Check of Sammy. He always talks about Jack as if he was his own personal property. Wonder who the devil'll stroke the boat this year? Who'll get up the smokers? Who'll be secretary? Damn it, the good chaps always seem to clear out of Blackstaple. One of the bloomin' best—old Jack Charteris! Don't suppose it affects us! Just like young Vereker's check! Never could understand what made Jack so thick with young Vereker."

"Widely different sort of chaps, certainly, sort of liability company, I suppose. Charteris supplied the muscles, and Vereker weighed in with the brains. Ah, but that's the penalty of being content with the station in life to which it has pleased Fate to call you, old chap. You've got to sit still in Blackstaple, and watch your old pals clearin' out very gradually, one by one, until you begin to find a grey hair in your head this morning, and you realise that you're getting rusty—getting old—and the fellows who used to crave you for cigarette cards and old foreign stamps, are growing up and actually founding little sets of their own."

"Bah—a rotten life here in Blackstaple, eh? Rotten, old boy! And then when your time comes they say, 'Ah, there goes old Mister So-and-So. He's been a devil in his time, he has. His fairy tales of what sports there were in the Nineteen Hundred and somethings!'"

The speaker, a young man who might possibly have reached his twenty-fourth year, but certainly did not look it, gazed down disconsolately at the toes of his boots.

"You're getting sickly sentimental, Craigie," observed one of the group. "I'll bet old Jack doesn't take it half so seriously as you do. I think it's all rot you chaps exciting yourselves for his own good, you can bet—er—Hullo, James!—Jimmy!—Vereker!!! Come here, damn you. What about Jack?"

A tall youth, in the prescribed evening dress, whose interest in life is dead.

"Oh, the Honourable John's off," he remarked. "I thought that Craigie would put it in the papers when I told him this morning. I knew it a week ago; besides, from the way he's been jawin' generally, I'd put two and two together. No, I know Jack isn't the sort to say much, but, of course, he told me."

There was a note of pride in the youngster's voice. It was something of account to be in the confidence of Jack Charteris, the idol of the Blackstaple ladies, and the envy of the men.

"Of course, Jack will be here to-night?" said Craigie.

"Rather!"

"Right. I stab you for half-a-dollar. I'd got you down, of course. We're presenting him with a silver cigarette case as a mark of

esteem, and a token of remembrance."

Vereker handed Craigie the subscription.

"That's three cigarette cases he's got," he observed. "I bought him one, beautifully initialled; his inane girl gave him another; and now the Rowing Club's vice-president presents yet a third on behalf of the members, eh?"

"Yes. And we'd weigh in with the practical purse, too, if it wasn't for the look of the thing. It's one of those things that couldn't be done. Dear old Jack! What will the club do without him? There's the gong—and—yes—(thanks, waiter)—Jack's just come in."

"Hullo, Jack!"

"What ho, John, old boy!"

"Dam' pleased to see you, old sport!"

"Three cheers for our secretary!"

"John, your chair's next mine."

"No, mine!"

"Mine, you ass!"

Jack Charteris, his eyes sparkling, turned to the group.

"Half-time there!" he said.

He shook half-a-dozen hands simultaneously.

"Craigie, as you are vice-president, I sit next you, don't I? Thanks. Well, Sammy Vereker is only an honorary member—but he can squat the other side, eh?"

Vereker smiled contentedly.

"Now, then, you chaps, an appetiser with me in the smoke-room, right smart! No refusals, and Hades with the man who says 'No!'"

In the smoke-room Craigie raised his glass.

"To dear old Jack Charteris," he said. "One of the best!"

* * * * *

Samuel Vereker had preserved a stoical attitude all through. He said good-bye to Jack Charteris in the most approved style.

Then he had discovered that Blackstaple was a city of the dead.

The other chaps were there, of course, good fellows, but very dull. Sammy found he had to confide both his troubles and his triumphs to himself. Craigie was frankly disinterested in everything barring the Rowing Club, of which he was now Secretary and Treasurer.

Somehow, things were not the same. There were none of the same joyous "nights out" that had rendered Blackstaple bearable. The club-house was more than quiet, the big races were sweepstake-less, and the general aspect was little short of funereal.

Sometimes Vereker would stroll down by the river at night, smoking his pipe, and watch the "tub fours" embark, in all the pride of rowing shorts and muscular arms.

As many as eight crews would usually be afloat, but they put no dash into their work.

There were no impromptu races, such as Jack Charteris had organised nightly.

Privately, Sammy Vereker rather fancied himself as cox, but there was no one to offer him that honourable position in a practice eight now.

So he would retire to the balcony of the club-house, and watch the shadows deepen on the river, hear the "swish-dunk" of the home-coming boats as dusk fell, and feel

that life was a very empty affair after all—but it is not meet that a young man should generalise about life until he is well past the thirties and has acquired, by bitter experience, certain settled convictions.

Now his friend was gone, he realised how very much he was to him.

He missed Jack's cheery ways, and his optimistic view of things that had taught him to look at the little world of Blackstaple through hopeful spectacles.

"Heard from Jack, Vereker?" was a question that was put to him by everybody.

"Er—he's all right," Sammy would reply, evasively. He did not care to say that Jack Charteris had not troubled to send him as much as a post-card. Probably he had not had time to write, was busied in making arrangements for his journey across the Atlantic, and, of course, he had friends in London who would take up his time. Surely there was nothing the matter with him, nothing wrong?

But, at night, vague fears began to haunt him.

Then, cursing himself for a sentimental fool, Sammy would fall asleep smiling to himself. Jack, by now, was on the high seas, keeping them all alive on some great liner a thousand leagues beyond Lundy Island.

Dear old Jack—one of the best!

* * * * *

Whatever could Craigie want to see him about? Sammy turned over the letter.

"It must be before the Committee Meeting which precedes the smoker to-night at the club house. Something important."

Sammy Vereker turned up to time. The sun was sinking over the river and one of the members was strumming a waltz on the piano. He found Craigie on the balcony, grave-faced and evidently worried.

"The duties of Secretary don't sit very lightly on your shoulders, Craigie," he observed. "You seem to have got rather a hump on, old chap."

"Poor old Sammy," was Craigie's reply. "Poor old kind-hearted fool."

Vereker sat down in the chair Craigie offered him. Something in Craigie's expression confirmed his worst fears.

"Go on," he said, heavily. "What is it you have to tell me, Craigie? What is this 'something important'?"

"Well—er—it's like this. Have a cigarette, Sammy, won't you? It's a little matter that I want you to—er—think over, and a cigarette will steady you a bit. Doesn't the river look nice? Lovely evening, eh?"

Vereker accepted the cigarette and, lighting it, smoked.

"Go on," he said, instinctively steeling himself, biting his lips, and waiting for the blow to fall. "Must be before the Committee Meeting!"

—Gad! That must be it!

"Well, look here, Sammy," Craigie blurted out at last. "If I could have made up the full amount myself I wouldn't have said a word, but I can't! It's impossible, Sammy, old boy—stick it, man, as well as you can. The Club's balance at the bank has been drawn out in full by the late Secretary and Treasurer, and here's the very cheque! Jack, whom we thought one of the best is a—a—"

"Bad egg—a stumer! I know—I know." Sammy Vereker bowed his head to the blow. "Something has told me within this last week that things were wrong with him somewhere, but, Gad! to rob the Club and his pals. Poor old Jack . . . if he'd only told me! I've known him to be hard up before—he was extravagant—but he wouldn't borrow from me—said it ruined friendship, and I thought everything good of Jack. It's awful, I tell you, awful!"

"Oh, he's not worth that. But the position's got to be faced. Can you manage half the sum



on that infernal cheque there?"

"Just do it—and it's good-bye to holidays for me this year."

He tried to laugh.

Craigie rose from his chair.

Sammy was sitting now with his face in his hands; the dusk on the river was deepening into dark, and a swan floated down stream, paddling lazily.

Craigie passed softly through the open door that led from the balcony.

It is not good to watch the grief of a man.

* * * * *

The Rowing Club's smoker was in full swing. "Gentlemen!" The chairman rose. "I propose the toast of 'Absent Friends' and more particularly our late popular Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Jack Charteris. He was one of the best."

The pianist banged out "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and the company literally yelled it.

An honorary member, standing by the Treasurer, dropped his glass and it broke into fragments on the floor.

"Good God!" said someone. "Look at Sammy Vereker's face!"

HAIR BRUSHES.

You can buy hair brushes of every size and of every stiffness of bristle, but experience teaches the average man that the brushes that suit him best are those of the military pattern.

Why this term has been applied to brushes of a particular make, it is difficult to say, but by it we understand brushes which you grasp with your palm and your fingers and which have no handle.

They are always sold and used in pairs, and this arrangement saves much time. If you part your hair in the middle, you can dress both sides simultaneously; if you part your hair at the left side, as the majority of men do, you can at least be trimming the left side of your head with the left hand brush while the other is doing the bulk of the work.

Besides the saving of time there is another advantage; you put more vim into the brushing when you are using both hands than when you are using only one for the brush and the other for the comb.

WHEN YOUR HORSE BOLTS.

If you happen to be riding a horse that has bolted, the obvious thing is, of course, to kick your feet out of the stirrups so that if you are thrown you will not be dragged.

But if you are a good rider there is not very much chance of your being thrown.

Your main concern, therefore, is to find some means of stopping the horse's career. Sawing at the reins, so as to get the bit out from between his teeth, is the first thing to do, but it will not always answer, and if you find that it fails, you should pull with all your strength upon one rein only.

Even if the horse still keeps the bit between his teeth, this will gradually bring him round into a circle, and if you are in a field or in open country, you can bring him to a standstill without much trouble.

If, on the other hand, you are on an ordinary road, you will find it best to pull with one rein and turn the horse into the hedge. Not once in a hundred times will he try to jump the hedge, no matter how quickly he is going. In almost every case he will stop short as soon as he comes to the edge of the ditch, and to guard against being thrown over his head, you should throw your weight well back the very instant he slackens speed.

Above all things, do not lose your head and holler when a horse bolts with you. Frenzied shouts of "Whoa" only serve to make him go the faster.

Sit tight, keep your courage up, and, whatever you do, don't lose your hold upon the reins; your luck will see you through.



A TASTE OF THE COUNTRY.

It is seldom that I go far enough from home to keep me from returning thither some time before midnight, but on the few occasions that I travel far afield and find myself in need of food and shelter, I experience infinite pleasure in the process of taking mine ease at an inn.

For to the man who finds his way home every night of the year, with very few exceptions, this experience is one out of which he can get a varied and delightful series of sensations.

And the farther a man is from his own home, the more delightful will be his stay, be it only for one night, at his inn.

He knows it is impossible for him to reach home. There are no trains, he has neither car nor cycle nor horse, and to walk is impossible by reason of the distance.

He must "put up" at "the inn" and make the best of it. And so he walks into the open door, passes among the other men who are there for temporary refreshment only, and he drives his bargain with his host.

THE WAITING WELCOME.

It takes him no time to discover whether any particular inn is a good one or a bad one. A spirit of readiness and welcome pervades the place where a man can spend a night from home.

He is received courteously, he is shown his apartment without undue ceremony and flourish, and he at once joins in with the life of the place without a hitch or an eddy in the prevailing current of existence.

From the moment he enters the house to the moment he leaves it, having paid his reckoning, he feels "at home."

There are bad inns, indeed; far too many of them. But when a man finds a good one he should proclaim it.

It is my fortune at the moment to have found a good inn, and I am anxious to record some at least of the pleasures I am experiencing.

Needless to say, it is a country inn. London and all great cities have almost lost the art of innkeeping.

FORGOTTEN TOIL.

Only the country, where lies the open road, retains the art. There the keepers of the inns know something of the weariness of the traveller who goes afoot, and they have their own delicious method of welcoming him and of making him forget the weariness and the toilsomeness of his lonely journey.

The inn I am writing in and writing of stands high upon a hill.

From whatever quarter the wind blows, the pines and larches surrounding it sing and murmur round the windows, through whose white blinds glimmers the light in the rooms where men are gathered within, thrown together for just an hour or two in all the ages of hours that time unwinds.

Not a care rests upon me. I am weary of the road and all my wants are satisfied. I have dined well on country fare. A fire is lighted in my sitting-room, for even now the nights are

MINE EASE AT AN INN

chilly. I smoke contentedly and listen to the measured beat of life around.

A gentle wind makes melancholy music in the chimney; a grandfather clock ticks on mellow seconds, and chimes out the hours on bells in the little sanded entrance hall. The soft broad accents of the country folk come through the door from the little parlour. Without, the night is black indeed. No lamps illuminate the traveller's way, and from the road the inn sends out a prospect of warmth and cosiness to all who pass by.

INTO THE NIGHT.

One by one the labourers bid their host and their fellows a gruff but kindly "good night," and pass out into the darkness.

Then closing time. And in half a score of cottages a light glimmers for a few minutes in the upper window, peeping like an eye from beneath the thatch.

A bolt is pushed home, a window fastened, and the house is silent. I sit and enjoy the unaccustomed peacefulness.

Then, candle in hand, I too make my way up stairs, passing through the corridors and up the winding old staircases. The silence can be felt. Then in the stillness a car whirls past the house, its lamps flashing in at the windows.

Again the stillness settles down, and as I lie between waking and sleeping I hear the measured footstep of some tired and belated traveller upon the road, and before I have lowered up a vague thought as to whether he is bound so late at night, the steps and unbroken distance and I fall into deep slumber.

THE TROUBLESOME CORN.

That hot weather makes corns twice as painful as usual, is a fact which every sufferer from them knows well, and now, if ever, it behooves him to set about in earnest to get rid of them.

If you suffer from corns, the first thing you must do is to see to your boots. Corns are commonly caused by boots that are too tight-fitting, and if they are to be cured it must be while you wear easy-fitting footwear.

If necessary buy a pair of boots wider fitting than usual, but in most cases it will be sufficient if you put on a corn attachment to an ordinary boot stretcher. By leaving this tightly screwed up for a night, having wetted the leather to begin with, you can stretch out the part of the boot that presses upon the corn.

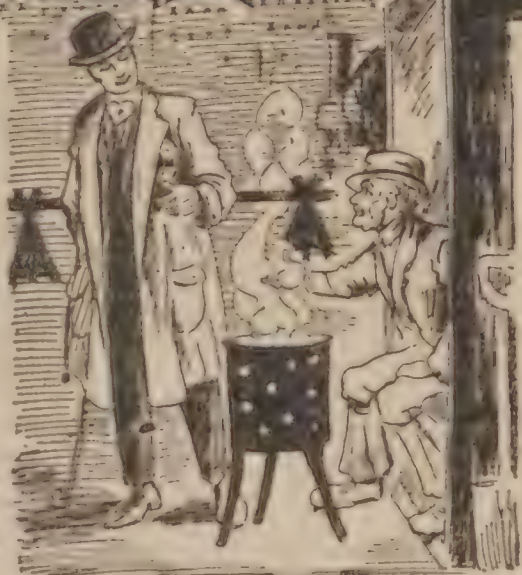
Having thus secured immunity from further pressure, you may now set about removing the corn itself. There are various grandmothers' remedies which sound very efficacious and mysterious, but which, somehow or another, always fail to act; there are many advertised remedies which sound neither strange nor common with the grandmother's cures—they are of no use.

The ivy leaf dipped in vinegar, the dab of saliva, and all the other old-fashioned more or less tific. The simplest remedy of all is to squeeze a drop of lemon juice on to the corn each morning and each evening; this will generally bring it out in about a fortnight's time.

Failing this, you must adopt one form or another of poultice. A convenient one is made of moistened oatmeal, but a more powerful poultice may be made by rolling a small piece of soap in brown sugar. Why this should have a drawing effect it is difficult to explain, but that it does so is a fact.

Whatever your cure may be, you should press down the corn every morning, being most careful not to cut yourself in the process. If you inadvertently do so, dress the wound at once with some sort of antiseptic ointment. If you work on these lines, you will very soon be rid of your corn, no matter how long it may have been resident upon your foot. You will be free as you never were before to enjoy running, long walks, and all other sports where the feet play an important part.

IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.



return. I just mouched about, doin' odd jobs, an' livin', lor knows 'ow, till one fine day—leastways it was a ruddy rotten day an' I was more'n 'alf starved—a recruitin' sergeant catches sight o' me, pours a pot o' beer down my pipe, rams a bob in me fist, an' there I was No. 79612 Private John Smith, 1st Rutlandshire Fusiliers.

"Ho, I liked the Army right enough—arter I'd tried to desert twice—and I began to find myself, thanks to them tellin' me so hoften wot a poor lost perishin' swine I was.

"But I didn't 'ave no luck. My regiment was ordered on hactive service to Hegypt, but afore ever I saw a bit o' scrappin' I got somethink the matter with me eyes, an' was invalided 'ome an' hout.

TWO BULL'S-EYES.

"My eyes got better, but there ain't much call for a hex-soldier unless 'e's got a string o' medals as long as yer arm and can do the pretty 'elpin' ladies hin and hout o' their carridges, an' I was pretty 'ard put to it.

"I tried all manner o' jobs. Once I was a livin' Aunt Sally, poppin' my 'ead up from a barrer for the crowd to shy at, but I quit that when a perisher came along wot was a perfeshunal cricketer an' bunged both my eyes up, though afore I'd done with 'im I'd got the best part o' his left ear as a snouveneer. Then I was a potman fer a bit till the landlord, wot was an unfeelin' pig o' a man, said 'e adn't 'ired me as beer-taster-in-chief.

"Once I was rejoiced to sellin' matches, an' another time I was the 'orrid victim of a colliery explosion, but in the end I got a job as night watchman, an' a night watchman I 'ave been for the last ten year."

"Am I married? Yus, sir, I've been guilty o' most kinds o' foolishness in my time. Not that I'm crabbin' the missus—she's a good sort—an' there's only one thing agen 'er—she ain't a horphan, on 'er mother's side.

SOUND ADVICE.

"You take my tip, captin', an' when you get married—I can see yer hain't married now, or yer wouldn't be settin' 'ere at two o'clock in the morning with a smile on yer face like a cat wot 'as swallowed the dickybird—you take my tip, I says, an' when your time comes—as it will come even to the wust o' us, nothin' personal hintended, colonel—you marry a horphan, especially one wot 'as lost 'er mother.

"Any adventures in my present capacity?—you do spit 'em out, my lord. I 'ave known one or two rum starts, but I never was much o' a 'and at spinnin' cuffers, as we call 'em in the Service, an' there's a sort o' ticklin' at the back o' my windpipe—thank ye, my lord—good 'ealth!

"Well, as I was sayin' when you hinvited me to put another nail in my coffin, I 'ave known a rum start or two.

"One night when I was on dooty in a quiet street wot was 'up, orf Oxford Street, a four-wheeler comes along and would 'ave barged right inter the bloomin' show if I 'adn't 'ollered and stopped 'em. Of course, I thought cabby was drunk, an' so 'e was, blind, beautiful drunk, but 'e wus hinside the keb an' about 'alf-a-dozen young toffs was on the houtside a-carryin' on like anythink.

"Fust of all, they wus all for buryin' me in my own bloomin' exercerwations—as they called 'em—but when I pointed out as 'ow they'd 'ave broken their pretty little necks but for me, they turns round, an' one young toff says as 'ow I was the only feller 'e'd ever really liked an' promised to be a huncle to me. Then I 'ears one o' 'em say, let's take 'im along o' us, an' they

comes an' asks me if I'd like to go to a Covink Garding Ball.

"I says I was sorry, but it couldn't be did, as I dussent leave my post. 'Ho, that'll be all right,' says they. 'Fatty 'ere is too beastly screwed for anythink; we'll put 'im in your box, an' you come along,' an' with that they lugs out a fat gent wot was tryin' to sing 'A jovial monk ham I,' an' props 'im up in my box where he immejertly goes to sleep. I tell 'em I really couldn't go, but the bobby round the corner comes along to see wot the jamboree was all about, an' they talks to 'im pretty an' 'e bein' a bit o' a sportsman, to say nothink of gettin' a thick 'un, 'e says 'e'll keep a heye on the fat gent an' my beat.

ONE OF THE PROCESSION.

"Hoff we drives to Covink Garding, them tellin' me all I 'ad to do was to keep my mouth shut, an' it would be worth a merry fiver to me, which I thinks to myself is a bit of orl right.

"But, lor love yer, 'ow could I keep my mouth shut when as soon as we gets hinside they props me hup agen a bar an' starts pouring champagne down my throat fast as you could wink. Then arter I 'ad 'ad a bottle an' a 'arf or mebbe two bottles, they says, now you go an' percesh.

"And I sees as now the company wot was most o' 'em in fancy costooms was formin' a perceshun. So I joins the perceshun—leastways, a perceshun, for I was seein' three o' 'em—an' the young toffs stood by laffin' fit to bust, 'speshully when I treads on the train o' a lady in front o' me and she fetches me a swipe under the hear that fairly shook my teeth.

"But when the prizes was give out, an' there warn't none for me, my young gents looks mighty solemn, an' they hup an' says to the ringmaster, 'What ho, hain't you got no prize for this 'ere night watchman?'—they 'ad made me bring along a spare lantern an' my grub tin.

TROUBLE AND THE AWAKENING.

"No," says 'e, 'e's not a bit like the real thing—'e's a hobvious imitation."

"Himage yourself," says I, an' being pretty full o' the fizzy stuff I goes for 'im. But they pulls me orf, an' the nex' thing I remembers I'm in my box with the bobby shakin' me an' sayin' as 'ow the hinspector will be along in two jiffs. The fat gent it seems 'ad woke up, an' arter fallin' in the drains once, 'ad gone off 'ome, which I reckon was the best place for 'im. But it warn't no bally dream, for when I comes to look myself over I finds five merry quidlets in me trowsis pockets, so I reckon it was my night out in more ways than one.

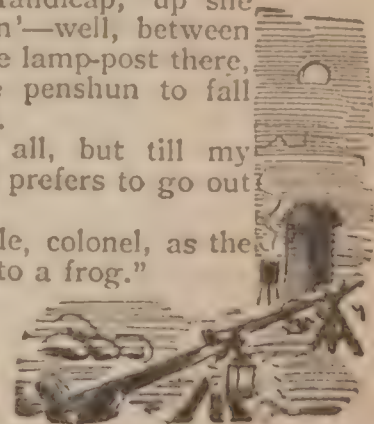
"An' then I could tell you about a pore young girl wot I saved from chucking 'erself in the river. It was about one o'clock at night when I seed 'er coming along cryin', not loud, but pitiful like, and I catches sight o' 'er face under a lamp an' knows wot she's arter, more 'speshully the direction she was 'eadin'. So I nips out, an' collars 'er, an' makes 'er sit in my box an' 'ave a cup o' corfee, an' tries to get 'er story out o' 'er. But she wouldn't tell me nothink excep' she 'adn't a friend or a penny in the world an' 'er bloke 'ad gone back on 'er.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Well, I does my best to 'earten 'er up, an' then I gets the peeler to mind shop for me a bit, an' takes 'er 'ome to my missus—we wus livin' close by—and my missus opens 'er arms to 'er, though that old she-cat—well, never mind, you take my tip, captin', an' marry a horphan, leastwise, one as 'as lost 'er mother—an' she stays with us a bit, till she gets a sitiuation, an' then we loses sight o' her till one Sunday afternoon when I'm tryin' to find the winner o' the Manchester, November Handicap, up she comes in a 'lectric bro'am, an'—well, between you and me an' that dog by the lamp-post there, I've got a bit of a hold age penshun to fall back on if I ever loses my job.

"Fac', I needn't work at all, but till my missus is a regular horphan, I prefers to go out all night an' sleep all day.

"An' that's the end o' my tale, colonel, as the tadpole said when 'e turned into a frog."



WHERE MEN FOREGATHER.

XXIII. IN RESTAURANTS.

To see the wealthy, the gay and the wicked aspects of London life, one has but to make a round of the various restaurants.

In the morning there is little romance about them, for all is stern and prosaic business. Passing one of the big establishments, you may see a heap of coal obstructing the pavement and a man playing upon it with a water hose. To the provincial it seems astonishing that any business should be allowed to interfere in this way with the convenience of the passer-by at half-past eight in the morning, but in this, as in many other respects, London is a good deal behind provincial cities.

At a side door, crates of vegetables and baskets of meat and fish are being carried in, brought there from Covent Garden, Smithfield and Billingsgate by the proprietor's own carts, for most of the London restaurants are run by foreigners, and the foreigner knows how to save in such minor but telling items as carriage.

If you go into a fashionable London restaurant anywhere before half-past eleven in the morning, you will be looked at askance, as someone who does not know the ropes. In vain may you ask for something to eat.

THE BEGINNING OF THEIR DAY.

By noon, however, all this is changed, then is the proprietor attired in his best black and his assistants, servile and obsequious, give you the impression that they are prepared to sell their souls, if need be, for your patronage.

At noon, the restaurant life, so far as the public may participate in it, begins, but there is not much business done till one o'clock. Then each place is crowded with patrons of high and low degree according to the prices it charges.

Let me take you to a famous restaurant at this hour. I may warn you that the prices are high. If you have not patronised a place like this, you will be somewhat surprised at finding hopelessly wrong many of your preconceived ideas.

Here you will not see men eating to repletion or drinking much. The patrons here are wealthy, and in their race for money they have long since lost their appetites. Many are practising some form of health dietary and are regaling themselves on nothing more substantial than a piece of chicken and a glass of barley water, while even those who have an appetite remaining, indulge it rather in the quality of the fare than in the quantity thereof.

WHERE STARS DO CONGREGATE.

Here you may meet the great theatre owners of London, hobnobbing with the well-paid stars of their companies. There is a merchant of the good old school, always conscientious and hard-working rather than clever; at the table facing him sits another man who is also wealthy, but who, as all his friends know, has made his money by various advertising swindles.

The atmosphere of the place is not very pleasant. There is a lightness about it and a lack of genuineness in the majority of its patrons.

That is the restaurant I should take you to for lunch if I wanted to show you something interesting in the matter of London restaurant life. There are scores of others, but they lack the character of this one. They supply you with a lunch at a fixed price or charge so much for each thing you have, and the people who patronise them chiefly go there to eat. At the



place I have been describing, on the other hand, the patrons go to meet one another and to do much business.

During the afternoon, the average London restaurant is as dead as it was in the morning. Some have started catering for those who want afternoon tea, but this trade is chiefly in the hands of tea-shops and tea-houses, and few of the restaurants trouble themselves with it.

It is when the lights begin to glimmer that the restaurant life recommences.

The lordly motor-car pulls up at the entrance of the fashionable caravan-serai, and a man in immaculate evening dress assists his wife to alight,

and together they ascend the steps to dine before attending the play; the taxi-cab brings the successful tradesman and his life's partner to the less showy but still expensive eating place; the bus drops the suburban theatre-goer at the establishments where you can do yourself well for eighteenpence.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Having had a peep at the restaurants beginning their evening trade, let us leave them while the actors are doing their business and betake ourselves to a place which I had better not name, and which, though it describes itself as a restaurant, has scarcely a right to the title.

Yet it is more by far than a public-house; its prices are exactly twice those charged in any saloon bar. Its floor is covered with small tables with four chairs at each, and a band plays for the delectation of the patrons. These are of all kinds.

From time to time a gorgeously dressed woman sails in and seats herself at one of the tables; sometimes she takes an empty table, but not infrequently she selects one which is occupied by two or three young men. In a moment they are standing her drinks, and sometimes they all go away together, but often they do not, for the young man who visits London has now acquired, in some way or another, a good deal of caution and sense.

WOMEN AND WINE.

All the women who come in have spent much time upon making their persons attractive, and some have succeeded in making themselves extremely ridiculous; so much so that at the entrance of some of them a titter runs round the room.

Here is one woman, somewhere between thirty and forty, with a fat face, who has adorned her head with an obvious wig of golden curls which dangle beside her ears like a little girl's. The people laugh, and she smiles back contentedly, for she is not hunting; she has brought a man in with her.

It is a cloying, unhealthy scene. Let us leave it and return to the more respectable restaurants which are now at their busiest, for the theatres have disgorged their audiences and the playgoers are enjoying their supper, elaborate or simple, before returning to their homes.

Young girls, fresh from school, are chatting delightedly to their escorts about the play they have seen, emphasising the points and repeating the jokes lest any of their friends should have overlooked or forgotten them. Young men are whistling beneath their breath some catchy ditty which they have heard, lest they should forget it by morning.

Vice lurks at the tables in the corners, but the predominant note at this hour is one of innocent pleasure. Let us leave the restaurant world while it is so, for it is a world in which not everything is pleasant.

PETER GILCHRIST.

JUDKINS AND HIS GARDEN.

A FRIEND'S OPINION.

Judkins is no end of a bore since he took up gardening.

He hurries home at night to do a little weeding, and he spends the luncheon hour in the garden, and he spends the luncheon hour in the garden.

Judkins talks learnedly at the club of grafting and of curious "sports" in the vegetable kingdom—all gleaned from gardening manuals.

He is a regular walking seedsman's catalogue. Judkins always has a wonderful specimen in his buttonhole, and some absolutely perfect ones on a tree at home!

I spent an evening with him the other evening in his garden, a suburban garden where everything is black that you touch.

He is not an interesting host, for his conversation was on the ravages of the fly, and he asked me for the loan of my kerchief to remove cuckoo spittle from the of his cherished rose tree; he had used his to kill a stray caterpillar or so.

As a great treat he took me with him to a remote corner of the garden where he showed me with pride a manure heap. Judging from the number of flies which hovered over it, and about it, it no doubt was the best of the kind. Judkins suffers from hay fever, and don't think his sense of smell is as good as other people's.

After poking about it, as if he enjoyed it, he drew my attention to another mound of the same material.

"Mushrooms, my boy," he said, digging in the ribs.

Then he asked me to hold a pot while he made liquid manure for some of his choicest plants.

I said if he'd excuse me I'd go and help his wife a bit. She was rather red in the face from stooping trying to weed a small bed of onions. I'm sorry for Judkins' wife—she hates gardening.

Judkins then said he was going to water the lawn. Evidently he had never handled a watering can before. He said something about the malignancy of inanimate things when he had succeeded in ruining my best trousers and a new pair of patent leathers. I think fishing boots are the correct thing for Judkins' garden parties.

He had another try, and this time it was a neighbour's prize Persian kitten that had the benefit of his misdirected efforts.

After that he gave it up.

Later on, Judkins asked me for some subjects for pictures for his study, bearing on his hobby.

I saw he had a portrait of "The grand old gardener" and his wife, and one of the chap who invented husbandry.

So I said that "The man with the muck-rake" would be singularly in keeping. He thanked me without much warmth. Perhaps he was not well up in Bunyan.

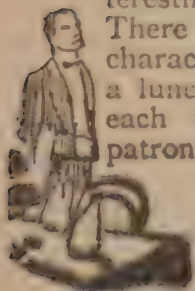
I shall have to drop Judkins; he's taken up using my chambers as a parcel office; he says it's so central. The last thing was a reaping machine. I suppose the next will be a small field year.

Judkins declares a garden brings out the best in a man. I don't know. The last time I was at his place he trod on the rake and loosened a few of his front teeth. If it wasn't the rake that came out of Judkins then, I'm ashamed of the things he must have in reserve.

But really gardening has begun to be a perfect obsession with Judkins. His wife tells me that he has taken to getting up in the middle of the night and going out into the garden to try to catch the snails which are working havoc with his plants, by the aid of a night light and a big magnifying glass.

Somebody has said that gardeners are peculiarly liable to lockjaw, and I understand that this is a very dangerous disease. Judkins get it some day. His friends live in hope.

STOISMUND SMITH.



BILLIAM.

THE TRIALS OF A COMING MAN.

I am privileged with the acquaintance of an estimable young man, whose breast throbs with patriotism, whose forehead is unlined with the wrinkles of care, whose hair is never foppishly parted, whose tie is usually awry, whose age is twelve years, and whose name is Billiam.

I also know that quivering lady, his mother, who is proud of her only son, but wishes his martial ardour were less keen, and that patriotism did not usually imply torn trousers.

The last time I saw Billiam, he was suffering grievously from the attentions of the women-folk in his house, and he looked to me as a man for support.

He was in his Boy Scout uniform, with the beautiful yellow felt hat crushed over his eyes; his khaki shirt, and his footer shorts showing up with bare knees, one of which was bound with many yards of bandage.

"These people," he said, referring to his anxious-eyed female relations, "are making a jolly sight more fuss about this than I am. It's a beastly shame. Here am I stuck in this wretched old arm-chair, and our chaps are playing 'Germans and English' this evening on their own, y'know."

"Very good game, too, especially if you're on the English side, because, of course, the English always win or there's a regular bust up. I know. I was a German last week, and you ought to have seen what young Bill Smythe did to my eye."

"It looks a bit tinged now, Billiam—but what's happened to the knee?"

"Nothing whatever—wish I was a bit older—clear as you f'r instance—and I'd tell 'em all to your out and leave me alone. Just because your knee got chipped you wouldn't let your sister stop you playing anything, would you?"

"I'm pretty strong, you know, but what chance has a chap got when two of 'em catch hold of him as soon as they see his knee bleed—know. That was mother and sister, you know. Whipped me up right off the ramparts. The Germans were making an attack on this house's back way. Well, as I said, I was on your balance on the back-yard wall—it's only two bricks thick. One of the Germans was climbing up the door, with one foot on the latch, and I tried to crawl along the wall and get his hand off the top of the door. I'd just den spring; I grabbed at him, and just grazed my knee as I slipped off the wall."

"Mother was moaning about on the grass all day, and that the calls the lawn, and, my dear, you'd have heard her yell!"

"I hate being called Willie!" she says. (That's what she calls the lawn, and, my dear, you'd have heard her yell!)

Marjorie, who was writing to her mother in the breakfast-room, twigs the incident also, and she flies out. In the morning they'd fairly carried me indoors. Mary Jane to the chemist's, Marjorie to the doctor's, and they started fussing about over a tiny little scratch, you'd ha' thought I'd got a black-yard wall in my knee by the way of wash out.

A sickening—that's what I call it—sickening feeling over him 'cause his knee's all bandaged with him.

"I said, 'you'll soon be sixteen, then the Government will allow you to begin to think that you've tasted the before.'" Then, think of it, when you're fifteen you can join the Terriers, and be a Yeoman with a horse to ride, all paid for



by the Government. So it's worth living down these next two or three years. Marjorie really means well, you know, and you must be thankful you were born a boy."

"P'raps you're right," Billiam observed mollified. "Of course, these women must have something to fuss over. They can't be Terriers, after all, can they? These women seem to think everyone's a sort of Peter Pan and never grows up—like that chap Barrie says. But Marjorie took me to see Peter Pan in London, and told me always to remember it. I shall. She was no end generous with the chocolates that day. Peter Pan was regularly pretty—not like a boy at all. Of course, everybody thought it was a boy, but I knew it was a girl, and a jolly nice girl too—acted well, but it was all make believe. What do you think B.P. would think of Peter Pans who never grow up? Not much, you bet. Thank goodness I'm not one. I'm going to grow up as fast as I can."

This satisfying thought kept him quiet for a bit.

"Here, I say," he exclaimed at last, "do you know Baden-Powell? You've been to London, haven't you? and that's where all the generals are, at the War Office. You don't know him? Oh, but you know someone who does? Then why don't you get him to introduce you? If you ever do get to know B.P., and you're mentioning me at all, you needn't say anything about mother binding up this miserable little scratch on my knee. He wouldn't think it at all manly; and, between you and me, this bandage ain't what you'd call scientific, is it?"

He looked disparagingly at Marjorie's effort at bandaging.

"Some of the old chaps—fellers of fifteen, y'know—go in for an ambulance course. Bill Smythe does, and he walks about hoping one of us'll have a broken something so he can practise on us, but he hasn't had any luck up to now. He's no end cocky in his uniform because he's got a red cross on his arm. His grown-up sister worked it. She isn't a bad sort, either, but she always wants to kiss fellers, and most of us are gettin' too old for that sort of thing. I hate being kissed, same as I hate being called Willie. I know Baden-Powell wouldn't like to be kissed or to be called Willie, would he?"

"I'm nearly sure he wouldn't, Billiam."

At this point enter Billiam's mother, whom all obey.

"Now, then, Boy," she said, "bed, at once!"

"Mother, you know that isn't the way, 'specially before company," Billiam protested despairingly.

"Oh, well—'Tention!—only don't stand on that leg too much—Right turn. Quick march!"

"Good night, Billiam," I said, standing gravely at attention, as the Boy Scout passed me, his hand at the salute for the prescribed six paces.

CHARLES WILCOX.

THE WANDERLUST.

A CRAVING WE FEEL IN SUMMER.

To holiday makers of all degrees I present my case, and to your verdict I humbly bow my head.

There is no pleasure in all the world to be compared with the pleasures of the holiday trumper. Free and untrammelled, owning mastership to none, and being under no obligation to do, or go, or say, he is gratifying that craving which is the heritage of every Englishman, and which now makes its presence known—the Wanderlust.

For a period in each year it is possible for almost every man to enjoy this exquisite joy. It belongs to no particular class, neither to athletes, nor to moneyed men. No especial expenditure is needed, and the pleasures are not confined to any particular part of the country.

Give up the played out, fly-blown, seaside lodging in the towns patronised by your circle of friends and acquaintances, where it is essential to do certain things at certain times; where means must be considered and conventions observed under pain of social suicide, and take to the hills, the woods, the streams, and the shaded highways and forests.

Get a thick sole clumped on to your heaviest, easiest boots. Put a flannel shirt, two pairs of woollen socks, and two or three handkerchiefs in a parcel, together with a toothbrush and a small comb, and you are fully equipped for a fortnight's tour. The list of things advised to be taken usually would break an elephant's heart.

Clothe yourself in a pair of long, loose, grey flannel trousers, a woollen shirt and sweater, and any old coat and cap you may want to wear out.

Take a stout stick in your hand, and carry a good supply of your favourite tobacco.

Get your best pal to accompany you if possible. Two people is the ideal number for a walking holiday; three is too many, unless the third is a dog, who is always a welcome companion.

Put 25s. to 30s. in your pocket for each week you mean to be away.

Swim in every lake, canal, and stretch of water you come to. Do your walking in the morning and the late afternoon, leaving the heat of the day for snoozing and smoking.

Patronise the little wayside inns for food and sleeping accommodation, which should not cost more than 3s. to 4s. a day; if it is fine, sleep out. Take off everything but your trousers and shirt. Pile the ground up with loose hay—at this time of the year hay is plentiful enough in the fields—to a height of two or three feet, and pull another heap over you. The sleep that follows is the soundest and most delicious conceivable.

If it is not the hay-making season at your holiday time, get permission from the farmers to sleep in their barns. Don't do it without permission, or you may get thirty days without the option. Don't be nervous of the absurd tales you may have heard of insects and vermin infesting these places. Certainly they are in there in great numbers, but a case of a sleeper being harmed by them has yet to come to light. Their favourite residence is not on the human body, as is the case with boarding-house bugs.

Try a night walk sometimes. Have a snooze during the day, and start on your walk when the little village pub. closes. The pleasure you will experience will be a happy, life-long remembrance, and will lead you to make many another night ramble.

Never mind about appearing trumpy and disreputable; you will meet men of all descriptions looking quite as bad—barristers from the Temple, Varsity men, City men, authors and journalists.

You will be fit in body, and you will have broadened your mind.

At the end of your holiday you will be bronzed and full of health, ready to tackle work and devour it.

W. TAYLOR.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By

JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

THE MARKSMANSHIP OF TROOPER SHAN.

There is a Territorial Regiment in this peace-blessed country which was under fire continuously for one hour and a half, and the men did not relish the experience.

Possibly the only one amongst them to whom the feeling was not new, was Riddell, the grey-moustached Sergeant-Major, but even he objected to being fired at without having a shot in return.

Therefore the enjoyment of the afternoon's sport rested entirely with the man behind the gun, who was Trooper O'Shaughnessy, nicknamed "Shan" by his circle of far from admiring comrades, and this is the truth of the matter, according to Sergeant-Major Riddell—but it was all very long ago, when the "Loyal Limelighters" were classed as mere Volunteers and the Territorial Forces Act was not.

Old Ireland has ever been notorious for the nursing of grievances, and Trooper O'Shaughnessy, most unmistakably Irish, had inherited a full supply of the National trait.

Now, Trooper O'Shaughnessy was a strong-limbed, powerful fellow beyond the light frolicsome age of the young man, but the innocent devilry of youth had given place to soberly constructed schemes for upsetting the peace of the "Loyal Limelighters." Whom it was Shan's pleasure to worry on occasion, because they openly detested him.

No one troubled to give much assistance to Trooper Shan, and he was pointedly never asked to the official Regimental "big drunk," which always took place the night before leaving camp.

The reason for this was that Shan, sober, was morose and unmanageable enough. Drunk, he was the very devil, and had a habit of challenging the regiment to pitched battle without provocation.

No one dared sing any songs about "ould Ireland" at the "D" Squadron smokes, because Shan imagined he held the copyright of all such compositions.

Trooper Shan required his own way. When he did not get it, to put things very plainly, there was Hell.

It happened on a certain hot summer's morning when the "Loyal Limelighters" were at camp, that the horse ridden by Trooper Shan, not accurately gauging the character of his master, attempted on several occasions during a cross-country ride with the troop, to get rid of his rather heavy burden.

Trooper Shan spurred into the animal unmercifully. He was determined that no beast of the lower creation should get the upper hand of him.

There was a young lieutenant, newly joined, who knew not Shan, and when the troop was brought to a halt he upbraided Shan and lashed him with his tongue for five good minutes.

Sergeant-Major Riddell darted a warning glance at this Lieutenant Callaghan, but the young man went on unheeding. He pointed out the horse's bleeding flanks, cruelly rowelled by the spurs.

The animal stood foam-flecked, sweating profusely and trembling piteously, his spirit completely broken—and this, to the mind of the Lieutenant, who loved horses, was the most deadly of all sins. In his anger he let his tongue go too far.

"O'Shaughnessy," he concluded at the end of an impassioned harangue, "you're a damned blackguard!"

The next moment the Lieutenant bitterly regretted the remark. Direct abuse is neither allowed to, nor becoming in, an officer.

That thought had for the instant entered his mind when suddenly he saw a drawn sword raised in the air above his head, and that sword was Trooper Shan's.

He felt himself half pulled out of the saddle. The sword had descended, merely slicing his big jack boots.



Sergeant-Major Riddell had pulled the Lieutenant out of the saddle swiftly, or the sword of Shan would have inflicted the cut through the plumed helmet of Lieutenant Callaghan, and there would have been a tragedy beneath that glorious summer sun.

The Lieutenant's horse, startled into fright, took matters into his own keeping and bolted over the gorse-patched, undulating hills, but Callaghan had managed to swing himself back into the saddle before his mount started off on its wild gallop.

Blinking half-foolishly, "D" Squadron of the "Loyal Limelighters," watched their Lieutenant's broad back dwindle into a speck beyond the hills.

Trooper O'Shaughnessy still stood in his stirrup with his sword held limply.

Giving one wild look along the line that seemed stung into inaction, he spurred his horse and galloped away in the direction of the camp.

Then several of the men found their senses.

"After him!" they yelled, and Sergeant-Major Riddell led them uphill and down dale in an irregular line, with the good horses drawing to the front and the pace killing the speed of the others.

The madness, too, seemed to have descended on the troop, and they became possessed of a hazy intention of slaying Trooper Shan forthwith—all but the Sergeant-Major, who had seen men run amok before.

The camp nestled, a square of white tents in a pleasant green-carpeted hollow, and thither the maddened Trooper O'Shaughnessy rode, making for his tent as the first thing that occurred to him.

Now in those days the "Loyal Limelighters" shot their musketry course during camp time, and, as that was the order of the afternoon, each man had filled his bandolier overnight with many rounds of ammunition—a thing that would never be countenanced in these times when men are supplied with cartridges at the ranges only.

Trooper Shan flung himself out of the saddle when he pulled up at the end of the line, and, the fire being half spent in his brain, he somehow wanted to get to the cool of his tent—and think. Gad! he had made a hell for himself now!

The madness was dying down He was leading his horse in towards the hastily rigged-up "stables." Something made him turn, and a sight, most unusual in that peaceful valley met his eyes.

Streaming down the slope of the green hills were the leaders of the troop, and, their swords drawn and flashing back the rays of the burning, pitiless sun, they were shouting out his name aloud. Then a great fear fell on Trooper Shan.

Two seconds later he had got his rifle from his tent, and slung his bandolier over his shoulders. He raised his rifle, and, standing square, he took threatening aim.

Old Sergeant-Major Riddell brought his men up smartly. He was leading the troops and

and a little white puff came from the muzzle of Trooper Shan's rifle.

"D" Squadron retired hurriedly and instinctively to the cover of the ridge of the slope. It was their baptism of fire, and far from amusing at the moment.

"Thank the Lord," said the Sergeant-Major as they hastily dismounted and flung themselves full length behind the crest of the ridge. "That was the worst shot in Squadron 'D.' It's only a hundred yards, and I'll bet he's got him sighted at the two hundred."

He laughed. But somehow the mouths of the men were parched, and there was an odd thumping in their throats.

Should it ever come to any of those members of the "Loyal Limelighters" to be under an enemy's fire, they will not feel quite so amateurish again. A bullet or two zipping over your head even, or kicking up the dust far before your position, gives you a keen understanding of things, and the extra budget tax on cartridges ceases to be a matter to worry over.

From the cloudless sky the sun poured hot dry rays, and a film of dancing haze above the gorse patches, while every blade of grass shone like a tiny heliograph.

Everything was the essence of peace, except that rifle down in the valley that spoke now and again . . . and the lines shuddered.

The men of "D" Squadron were getting out of hand. It is horrible to have no chance of getting back . . . Thank heaven, Trooper Shan's marksmanship was of a very indifferent order, and it did not seem to occur to him to come closer.

"Keep cool, there, boys!" said the old Sergeant-Major. "We're safe here, and the old devil 'll get sick of it presently, maybe."

But even the soul of old Riddell hungered merely for five minutes with a rifle! Trooper Shan showed up clear against the background of the white tents.

"Could pick him off easy!" the Sergeant-Major muttered to himself.

Presently from the ridge of hills on the left there came a sharp, whipping crack, and Trooper Shan promptly flung himself on to the ground full length in the lying position.

"Good Lord!" said someone wiping the sweat from his forehead. "It's the Lieutenant!"

From behind a boulder a yellow plume came. "Hi—m!" Thought an Irishman. "He carries a revolver without a supply of ammunition!" said the Sergeant-Major. "Well, now we shall see some fun, and the odds on the Lieutenant. Wonder what his is though?"

Trooper Shan had turned his rifle in the direction of the yellow plume, and for a moment an ambushed line of "D" Squadron waited freely.

Fascinated, they watched the little game in the valley below, where the Trooper continued to make wretched practice.

The revolver cracks came intermittently, flung up little spurts of turf and dust to almost into a comedy.

"Tryin' to frighten the beggar, I observed the Sergeant-Major, "or else both dam' bad shots. . . . Gad! that near!" he added suddenly.

Trooper Shan, by some lucky fluke or other, had neatly shot off the plume that waved above the boulder.

Again the Lieutenant replied low and wise. Then for a space the revolver was silent.

It occurred swiftly to the troop that Callaghan had exhausted his ammunition. The same thought must have struck Trooper Shan, for he merely fired now and then just to preserve his advantage. Having shot off the plume of the

turned on them in surprise. "Put those swords away, you fools!" he shouted. The next minute a bullet ripped above their heads.

trooper's helmet, he still had the spike shining in the sun as a target. Trooper Shan cautiously crept nearer up the hill towards the Lieutenant's position. A sudden fear descended on the troop. "Can't stand this any longer!" said one sullenly. "Nor I!" "Nor I!" "We can't stay here and see our Lieutenant in cold blood. Damn it, we won't either!" old Sergeant-Major's voice contained the tone. "Let's charge the beggar and chance

you be such damned fools!" a voice said behind them. The Lieutenant, who had crept round the shelter of the hills that surrounded the sides of a teacup. The men behind the right Trooper Shan had taken a clump of humped-up gorse, and continuing to fire at the spiked helmet of the Lieutenant, which still afforded him a target and the boulder.

"You see now, Riddell, my boy?" asked the old man approvingly. "Major tactics, sir!" said the old man, you leave Trooper O'Shaughnessy to the Lieutenant. "No, this is my Sergeant-Major! I'll have no company." He doubled swiftly down the hills until he came to a Red Indian towards the unsuspecting Trooper Shan, whose mad-brained attack still hung upon the helmet beyond

two later, Trooper Shan felt a hand fall upon him from behind, and he was flung yards. He staggered, cursed and clawed with his iron muscles had got him to the ground, and, before he could himself, Sergeant-Major Riddell and "D" had broken all records for the disarming and struggling, a prisoner. "The bloodless battle of the 'Loyal'—and it was Lieutenant Calhoun that night watched by the bedside of O'Shaughnessy, while he raved in

touch of the sun—that's all," said the Lieutenant. "There were those who would not have shot the Lieutenant chosen to shoot and given Trooper Shan a touch of

GRUBBING ON TOUR. The problems which faces the novice cyclist or walking tour, but which has been solved by the old hand, is the making of a heavy meal. It is fatal for most forms of exercise, and the cyclist or walker is also desirous of cutting down expenses as far as possible. The most wholesome lunches possible consist of a pennyworth of bread, a pennyworth of butter and a glass of very decent country public-house for a penny, but it is not only easily digested and contains all the elements necessary of your body, and also for energy into your muscles. It is a matter of food while walking or walking, is as foolish as much; you must keep the human

A SUMMER SKETCH.

It is fashionable, I believe, to make much fun of the genus Tripper. He is never depicted or drawn as anything but a boulder, but I wish to record my appreciation of him sincerely.

Popular supposition warps the brains of us all. It was not until I met the genuine article that I revised my opinion—or rather the opinion conveyed to me by others.

I met the Tripper on the pier—where else would you meet a Tripper? I knew he was the real thing because he looked as if he had stepped out of the pages of the journals that year after year make capital out of him. He is easily scored off, and does not hit back. He is not so martial as his red sash and he is about as crushable as his imitation panama in wet weather. But his object in life is a "good time."

My Tripper wore both these articles of regulation seaside attire. In addition he sported a light flannel jacket, obviously ready-made, and beneath a white length of trouser, pipe-clayed rubber-soled boots encased his feet.

When I saw him sitting in the sun on the pier with his legs tastefully crossed, and a cigarette stuck jauntily between his lips, I indulged in the usual and stereotyped thoughts concerning him:

"Looks as if he's bought the pier. Hired the town for the week-end."

At that moment a pretty girl passed. She was of the sort whose "people" take a house for the season, and was by no means the Seaside Girl who is ever depicted side by side with the Tripper.

As she swept by, the latest *risqué* novel in her gloved hand, she caught sight of the Tripper and smiled.

A MISUNDERSTOOD SMILE.

Smiles are things that require careful analysis at the seaside. I knew it to be the smile of amusement at his red sash and his imitation panama. But my Tripper took it for the smile of direct encouragement, and, rising suddenly, followed her.

I watched him, just as one might watch a moth fluttering round a gas jet, knowing it will only fall suddenly, badly singed. You see, I knew the lady! He half trotted up into line beside her and raised his hat with an air of extreme politeness.

"Good morning, miss!"

I waited to see him figuratively slain. The girl pulled up smartly and turned on the unfortunate, rash Tripper.

"I think," she said, "that you've made a mistake!"

It is really wonderful what sting can be put into this very simple sentence. The flame of her words had burnt the Tripper. He turned and crawled back miserably towards me, just as I have seen an injured moth pick its painful way along the table beneath the gleam of the light that has singed its wings.

SYMPATHY.

"Oh, dear!" he said as he lurched on blindly towards me.

Then I felt sorry for him, and did not curse him even when he cannoned into me rather heavily.

"Oh, beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I was thinkin' about—somethink else."

"Don't think—drink!" I advised him. His eyes lit up.

"Would you oblige me," he said earnestly, "by joinin' me in a little light refreshment at the Buffet over there?"

"Pleasure, old chap," I replied.

"Thanks," he said. "It's good of you. You're the first livin' soul I've found to speak to, and it gives me the hump after London. This

A TRIPPER IN HADES



place is so demmed—exclusive."

My Tripper called for two bottles of beer, and got fourpence change out of a shilling.

"Exclusive beer," I observed.

But his pink, peeling face only expressed thankfulness mixed with a touch of good-fellowship. I could see the honest deal under the garish veneer of his loud attire.

"Made rather a bloomer over that girl, didn't I?" he observed, but quite cheerily. "Shan't get off this season, after all, eh?"

He laughed nervously, and the glass rattled slightly on his teeth as he drank.

"Here's fun!" he said. "Fun? Well, there ain't much of it here, is there? No; give me Margate or Yarmouth. The girls on this pier seem to be playin' an everlasting game of leavin' me out."

"Sort of musical chairs?" I suggested.

"W'y, yes." He looked out of the window where he could see the exclusive lady sitting by the side of a languid youth whose club tie positively screamed.

MUSICAL CHAIRS AND MISERY.

"It's a game of musical chairs," he went on, "and they never sit down against me—that's all! Mr. Reginald Smith is still runnin' when the music stops, as you might say. Now, look here, I want to ask you one thing. What is wrong with me? Hat, new; boots, new; shirt, new; sash, new; tie, new. All new. You see, I got a rise last January, and between you and me my taste is a little above the rest of the fellers. 'Ave a cigarette. Do. Thanks. You're a pal!"

He brought out a case and insisted on my having a cigarette. The delight of the man seemed to be in sharing his possessions with others.

"Now, I'm fond of a bit of sport, I am," he went on, "and so is my chum, Billy Hopkins. But he turned up rough about coming here, and scratched by telegram at the last minute. I had said to him: 'Look here, Bill, we'll go in for a bit of class this year. I'm off to a sort of Heaven of seaside resorts. They call it a spa.' As it turned out, Reginald Smith—that's me—arrived alone. But it ain't Heaven; it's—it's—Hades. There! I nearly said something else, and that wouldn't suit this highly aristocratic little show, would it?"

PUZZLED.

He passed his hand over his forehead as one deep in thought, and much puzzled.

"I can't make it out," he said. "So that's all about it! Class there is here, undoubtedly, but what I want to know is whether they're here to enjoy 'emselves or whether they're all in half-mourning. Now, I'm out for enjoyment when I have a holiday."

"I begin to think, you know, that the chap who wrote that the English take their pleasures sadly must have stayed here for a fortnight. I do, straight!"

"Flossie!" He called to a sad-faced lady who sat doing some fancy work on a chair behind the bar. "Flossie! Bring me an A B C, will you?"

Wearily the girl arose.

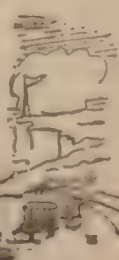
"Here's an A B C," she said, "but my name's not Flossie, thank you."

Poor Mr. Reginald Smith retired, crushed, into the corner of the Buffet. Feverishly he turned over the pages of the A B C.

"Ah! Here we are," he said, at length. "M. Margate. The 2.23, my dear sir, for Margate and a dear good low-class time will do Reginald Smith, Esq. Tip us your flipper, old sport, and toddle-oo!"

He swaggered down the pier and out of the gates. The first and last Real Tripper to visit that particularly exclusive spa, had gone for ever.

G. C. MORGAN.



RURAL ROBERT.

A SKETCH.

Contrary to the accepted belief, I am of the opinion that the life of the policeman in the country is a supremely happy one.

At least a fairly wide acquaintance with several rural Roberts has led me to consider that they have on the whole a very agreeable time. Their very presence in the villages acts as a preventive of many minor crimes that their less fortunate city fellows are called upon to cure.

They do not, however, entirely escape that much disliked portion of their work which must be done at night, for although nominally the village is in bed by half-past nine there may be—I do not say there are—a few restless spirits who are out for a walk in the cool of the night, and who by some mischance lose their way and go astray through the squire's preserves.

At night men take strange fancies even in the country, so Robert has a way of turning up at unexpected places at awkward times for such as are abroad on unlawful business.

Our own preserver of the public peace is a zealous man. He stands well over six feet high and is as agile as a cat.

His hours are quite irregular so far as I can judge. They are fixed, I believe, by himself, according to "information received" from some obscure source.

If there are poachers abroad, then he will become a night worker and sleep by day, stealing forth in the dusk, often in plain clothes, when he is least likely to be observed. By these tactics he conceals his movements and no man can say at a given moment where Robert may be found.

His ability to safeguard life and property with efficiency is made more complete by the bicycle which a thoughtful county council has provided.

On this he will cover the whole of his territory in a very short time, and he tells me he has often surprised the poacher and the burglar. I joined him recently near his picturesque cottage with its blue and white label, "County Police," soon after sundown, and together we made a complete tour of the village, visiting every outlying hamlet and every distant farmstead and cottage.

He carried a stout stick with a heavy knob, and his lantern was alight when in the neighbourhood of houses.

We walked quietly into the garden of the Vicarage and made a tour of inspection of the lower windows and of the doors of house and outhouse. Not a soul was stirring within, and all were blissfully ignorant of the care that was taken of their lives and property.

To several farms we paid similar visits, seldom seeing or hearing anything that called for more than a moment's passing attention.

All the house dogs of the place seemed to know the policeman's footstep and came running out of their kennels, with clanking of chains, to rub their noses in his hand outstretched in welcome.

Should any kennel be found empty or any dog disinclined to come out to him, it would be his business to find out the why and the wherefore. Poisoned meat is a favourite weapon of the rural burglar, for barking dogs disturb the delicate processes of burglary.

On the outskirts of the village we fell in with one of the squire's keepers, and together we continued our walk through the short cuts in the covers and the woods, to an outlying farm and its few cottages.

All was secure and still. A chat and a smoke at one of the gates gave us time to enjoy the wonder of the night.

Then, bidding the keeper "Good morning," for the first faint streaks of dawn were appearing, we regained the main road, and beneath the churchyard yew we parted.

Probably his vigil ended just before the first of the villagers was astir.

Then he would slip quietly home and go to bed, and not one of the six hundred and odd villagers could tell where he was, or from what direction he might appear.

M. BRUCE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

RESTFUL
RECREATION.

When you have been sitting still for the bulk of the day in an office, as I have, you feel pretty frisky at night, and you want to give some scope to the primitive man that is hidden within you. For that reason, or some other, I generally spend my leisure time in hard exercise, and my sympathies are all with those who do likewise.

But nevertheless there are times when it is pleasing to spend your leisure in pure loafing.

I live less than two minutes' walk from the water-side, and when I get home of an evening, I sometimes take a boat out.

The greatest joy on these expeditions comes when the daylight has faded. I am not speaking this time of rowing as an exercise; that is capital, daylight or dusk, and I know of nothing better than going out stripped with others and rowing till the sweat beads spring from every pore; I am dealing now with rowing in a single-sculler, with Somebody very special holding the rudder strings.

When the sun sets, a spirit of calmness settles down upon the water, the flaring Indian creepers in the lock-keeper's garden are toned to a mild glow, the light is soft and easy to the eyes.

Up the river we go till I am comfortably tired and till darkness has completely fallen. Then we land and cut a branch of willow from a tree by the bank. Somebody produces a Chinese lantern and fixes it to the end of the wand, and it is my duty to secure this to the back of Somebody's seat; probably the lantern ought to be in the prow, but Somebody prefers it at the stern, so it is put there.

MUSIC OVER
THE WATER.

We drift lazily down stream, and I hang on the oars when we come to a little colony of bungalows that have been pitched on an island above our village.

Many of these bungalows are left empty except during week-ends, but there are always some of them tenanted and there is always music coming from them after dark.

Sometimes it is a devil-may-care American tune, sometimes a plaintive Irish melody, but whatever it is, it seems to be played by a master hand, because the time and the place are suited to its appreciation. As we drift away past the bungalows, it occasionally happens that we find our own voices and sing, ever so quietly; noise of any description would be out of place.

When you get back to the landing stage, help Somebody out of the boat and carry the cushions up towards the village street, you begin to reflect that it is quite possible to spend a highly recreative evening without having done anything special in the way of muscular exertion.

SOCIAL
PROBLEMS.

You will recall that a few weeks ago I printed part of a letter which a correspondent had sent me, objecting to our articles and stories dealing with the seamy side of life, because he said that he did not care for his sister to read them.

Since that time I have been favoured with many letters from my readers upon this subject, and I am glad to say that every one has been keen in support of my policy. Not one single correspondent backed up the objection made by the first.

Some readers seem to have got quite alarmed about it and have begged me not to discontinue stories of this character. Let me assure them that there is no danger of their being disappointed in this respect, for a feature which is so popular will not be neglected.

RIVALRY.

You will remember that some little time back I made the bold assertion that the King's Own was the premier Yeomanry regiment of the country, and I also added that every man ought to consider his own corps, no matter what it was, the very best on earth.

I was dealing with Territorial trying to show that they did much for efficiency of the Force as a whole.

That paragraph has brought about many a good many protests, as I hoped it would. The more inter-regimental rivalry that I stir up, the better I shall be pleased, for it is in that way that the men of one regiment try to prove themselves in order to be better than another.

A trooper in the Ayrshire Yeomanry (the Carrick's Own) assures me that my own regiment is not anywhere near being a patch upon his, and says that we could not produce a man to beat their best shot.

I will not admit that we can't, but a use of this sort is rather humorous, for there use being anything but candid about a fact like this, and it is a well-known fact that the best shots are in the Infantry regiments. A fellow trooper recently said to me "Rifles? you ever know a Yeoman who didn't have a rifle?"

He was stating the case in a very extreme manner, for the necessity for the rifle is not by the Yeomanry as well as by any other. His remark serves to point a little truth, which is what I have already said—that the shooting has always been held by the units.

Another of the many protests which I have received, comes from a trooper in the London Yeomanry (The Rough Riders). He is protesting vehemently that his regiment is away ahead of mine, he concludes with a rough luck on you belonging to the King's Own as I am sure you're a good sort, so I have tickets for our next social function.

That is exactly the sort of letter I receive. A man does not stick up for his own regiment, he doubts if he would stick up for his own. Needless to say I have written cordially acknowledging my reader's offer of tickets for his regiment's next spree.

THE CLAIMS
OF
INFANTRY.

My reference to the Infantry in the Territorial force, brought to my mind another letter I received from a reader, in which he regretted that the bulk of the Territorial force appearing in this paper dealt with the Yeomanry and not with the Infantry.

The man on foot is undoubtedly the backbone of any army, and I have never found any claims. My difficulty so far has been to find an author, himself of course an Infantryman, who could write a story reproducing the hearty spirit which exists in the Infantry and which has been reproduced in the purpose in the Yeomanry stories I have printed.

If any Infantryman reading this letter would send me a good Infantry story, he would be doing me a great service, and I would be glad to send him a good Infantry story, but I warn him that I am a very hard person to please.

WHILE YOU
ARE ON
HOLIDAY.

I hope you won't forget me and this paper while you are on your holidays.

I know that during holidays letter-writing is a nuisance, but I shall be content if you drop me a postcard or two, and let me know how you are getting on and all the rest of it.

You may rely upon me to send you a reply.

I don't know whether letter-writing is one of my many weaknesses, but I do know that I always manage to find time to read my readers' messages.

In fact I regard the dealing with correspondence as the most enjoyable part of my work, for it brings me many new ideas and helps to keep the old ones.

In any case, whether you write or not, whether you don't, I hope you will have a good time.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



SPORTING STORIES

WHAT THE SOLDIER'S STRIPES MEAN TO HIM.

An ambitious man will often prefer the quartermaster-sergeantship to the post of sergeant-major, as the former usually leads to promotion as quartermaster and honorary lieutenant, when he says good-bye for ever to the Sergeants' Mess, and enters the Officers' Mess, often to wish he had been content to remain a warrant officer.



PRECAUTION.

And the man who wants to know things went away to meditate.

THE WEAPON HE PREFERRED.

And the Newfoundland dog, which had been sitting behind Tommy's mother, moved cautiously away, for in that position he might have been hit.

SILENCED FOR ONCE.

And the barber, not being able to think of anything smart to say, took his revenge by snipping the customer's ear.

OLIVER STOKES.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

FENCING.

A pastime which is hardly given enough prominence in connection with physical culture, is that of fencing.

For giving grace and quickness of movement and agility of the whole body it is unequalled among sports, even by boxing.

It trains at once the eye, the hands and feet to acquire a quickness and alertness of movement which must be directed by the brain, since the almost unconscious reasoning out of what your antagonist's next move will be must take place instantaneously and dictate to the muscles the counter-move that they are to make.

Moreover, besides being a scientific sport, fencing is undoubtedly one that aids the physical development.

Wrist and forearm acquire with practice a prodigious strength and muscular development.

Fencing is a sport rather for the winter than the summer, no doubt, since it is so well adapted for indoor exercise and relaxation, but it is also one at which it is necessary that you should keep your hand in all the year round, and to be able to fence in the open, with plenty of elbow-room and plenty of fresh air to fill the lungs, is pure joy to one who is accustomed to cross foils only under cover.

It may be difficult for many to learn the rudiments of the art, for it is not everyone who can find a teacher or afford to take lessons.

But in most towns of any size, and almost every well equipped gymnasium, there is an instructor who is capable of starting one on the right path, and a course of a dozen lessons or so will not prove ruinously expensive.

After a very short time it becomes a matter of practice, and if you have some pal who is also a fencer, you may have many enjoyable bouts, even if your skill is not up to championship form, and at the same time you will be keeping yourself fit and supple, and increasing your development in many ways.

A SUPPLING EXERCISE.

This is an extremely simple exercise, intended rather for the cultivation of an easy poise and good carriage of the body, than to the development of any one part of it.

Stand at attention, and bend the arms at the elbow until they are in the position shown in the sketch.

Tense the arm muscles and force the shoulders back as far as possible.

Now, bending the knees very slightly, spring into the air, and as you do so, separate your legs so that they reach the ground again about two feet apart, with the toes pointing outwards.

Then repeat the process, springing upwards, returning the feet smartly together, and dropping to the ground in the starting position.

In alighting on the ground be careful that the toes touch the floor first and that you do not come down hard on the heels, or the jar to the system will more than counteract the good effects of the exercise.



A skipping exercise without the rope.



SON OF NIOBE,
From the Group in the
Uffizi, Florence.

CONCENTRATION AND CULTURE.

It is just as hopeless to attempt to develop the body without concentrating your whole attention on the matter in hand, as it is to try and develop the mind without concentrating it upon its own culture.

It is no use to go through a series of exercises perfunctorily, not troubling about anything so long as the actual motions of the exercise are got through somehow. You would be better employed spending an extra ten minutes in bed, than in getting up and doing so many exercises in a half-hearted "flabby" manner.

Nothing is so necessary to the success of physical culture as concentration of the mind and common sense, yet many culturists show a lamentable lack of both of these qualities.

I have referred before to the effects of a good physique on the mental health and development, but the interplay

does not cease there, and the mind must direct the exercises of the body.

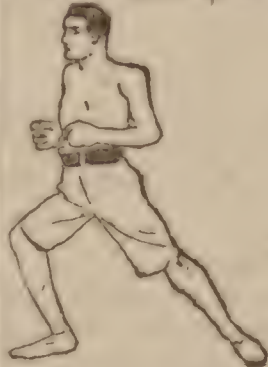
A man in training for any form of athletic contest would naturally exercise his own common sense, unless he is able to put himself in the hands of a trainer. The amount of exercise, food, sleep and so on, that he is to take, has to be decided on. Similarly in the matter of physical culture, where the end is not any one contest but general health and fitness for the battle of life, common sense has to be used in the choosing of exercises suitable to your personal requirements, and in fixing the time to be devoted to each, and a hundred and one other things.

And at the same time the mind must be concentrated in the exercise in hand, and all your energies devoted to putting the greatest possible vim into it, for an exercise done languidly is worse than useless.

FOR LEGS AND CHEST.

I have previously given lunging exercises on this page, but always with the arms extended, or with the addition of a walking stick used as a rod as in Swedish drill.

This exercise is of quite a different nature, but is like the others of great value to those who wish to improve their carriage and walk.



This must be done vigorously and smartly.

Stand erect with the feet together, and bend the arms at the elbow until the forearms are at right angles to the upper arm.

Try to force the elbows together behind the back, so as to open out the chest to its fullest extent and expand the lungs.

Breathe easily and naturally, however, and do not attempt to hold the breath while lunging, or anything of that sort.

Now lunge smartly to the right, carrying the right foot as far as possible to the right front, until only the toes of the left foot remain on the ground.

Keep the body upright, the head erect, and the forearms parallel with the ground.

Recover at once to the starting position, and repeat the movement to the left, remembering always to carry the leg out as far as possible, and not merely a couple of feet or so as in former exercises I have given.

WEAK HEARTS MADE STRONG.

The Great Physical Culture Experiment of 1908.

In connection with the test arranged by "and Strength" regarding the great physical experiment of Messrs. Maurice, Massey, and made, it may be remembered, to vindicate weight-lifting, and to establish the fact that lifting is not injurious, the book written by the trio who made the experiment is now of the

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Statement by myself, etc., etc.

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Poses showing the different weight-lifting positions.

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Photograph of W. L. Carquest, etc.

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6d. PER COPY.

but to introduce the work I have arranged to send first

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to bona-fide applicants for the booklet "A Quick Route to Strength" under which the trio trained.

If you have had the book referred to, "A Quick Route to Strength," then please forward 7d. in stamps and do not fill in the form below. The free copy must be clearly understood, is only for those who have not had my book, "A Quick Route to Strength."

APPLICATION FORM.

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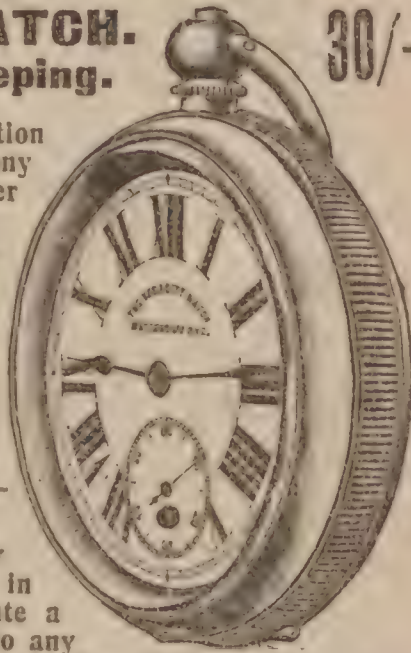
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With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

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 Gentlemen,—Please send me by return, post free, one pair* of your
 Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells at **12s. 6d.**
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* Please cross out sizes not required.



THE COMFORTS OF ROUGHING IT.

It is the boast of the man in camp, or in caravan, the man whose hotel is the earth and whose resort is the wood and wayside, that his wants are few and that he knows no conventions.

Two things only he requires—food and sleep.

He will be able to put in practice the excellent advice of a world-renowned pioneer, William Penn: "Have but little to do, and do it thyself."

This is the whole duty of the camper, and in doing it he will find that there are in these simple matters just half-a-dozen different methods, and five of them are wrong. There is your horse, if you are 'vanning.

I was once one of a van trio and the other two insisted that it was not necessary to tether the old mare. "She won't go far" was the cry.

She did not go far the first night, but on the second night she went so far that we never saw her again.

TAKE NO RISKS.

Probably she is even now doing duty between the shafts of a gipsy's caravan. My advice therefore is "tether your horse securely" and see that it cannot be released without some difficulty. One sleeps soundly in the open air.

To the camper who pitches a "permanent-temporary" tent I would strongly advise a site quite a mile from a village. Any nearer there is always sure to be an audience of village children. They think you are either gospel missionaries or else punch and judy showmen, and they stand round all day long with expectant and wide open eyes and mouths.

Now one of the most prolific sources of misery is a grubby camping ground.

To avoid this eyesore never on any account bring paper of any sort into the camp. It has a dirty habit of scattering itself about the neighbourhood and making the camp look like half an acre of Hampstead Heath after August Bank Holiday.

Such paper is usually brought into camp in the form of wrappers for provisions brought from the village shop. There is no need for it. For several camping holidays I have been using only light enamel metal cans for all my provisions.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR PROVISIONS.

These can be bought cheaply and in all sizes and shapes at every good-sized ironmonger's store.

They have as a rule lids and handles that are strong and handy, and they can be fitted one into another when not in use, so that they are not always lying about asking to be kicked.

Moreover, provisions, from tea to cheese and meat and bread, keep very well in these tin vessels, especially of the enamelled kind. They pack conveniently into a basket when you saunter off to the village to buy your week's groceries.

A small oil stove is the best cooking appliance for a camper. It is not always easy to go out

HINTS FOR CAMPER

and find enough dry wood to keep a real camp fire going.

Shift the oil stove's position according to the wind, for it is unpleasant to have an oily vapour blowing over you as you sit smoking, while the supper is stewing.

Another most necessary aid to cleanliness, health, and pleasant appearances is a dust hole.

This should be dug for the purpose. The nearest ditch will not "do just as well."

To begin with, it is not your ditch, and the odds and ends of a camp are liable to choke a ditch.

A hole about two feet square and a foot deep will take the odd tins and peelings and rubbish that accumulate each day. And when the camp is struck these can be given decent burial.

STRIKING CAMP.

Much of the objection to camping shown by farmers and landowners is caused by the carelessness of campers, who from lack of thought and consideration omit to obliterate the traces of their settlement on leaving.

Do without china utensils of any kind. They are liable to break when handled by male "cooks and bottle-washers."

Enamelled cups and plates and dishes serve admirably, and can be scoured with elbow grease without risk of damage.

Keep your bread supply in a closed tin.

No food loses its appetising freshness so easily as bread, when exposed to the open air.

In setting up camp-keeping do not stock your larder with too much tinned stuff. Tinned fruit should be barred entirely, because there are supplies of fresh fruit to be had through the summer at every village, and there is no comparison between the fresh and the tinned varieties.

THE LARDER.

A tongue or two, a few boxes of sardines, and some potted meat, are all that is necessary. Otherwise the camper gets into the bad habit of living on tinned things and comes to loathe meal times.

Moreover, it is great fun cooking. No camp should be without a supply of soda—not the "soda" one mixes with something stronger—but the pale lumpy stuff the cook plunges into the washing-up bowl.

Dishes cannot be cleaned without soda. It acts like magic in the water and grease disappears before it.

Knives are best cleaned by driving them into the ground.

By degrees the camper will become expert at adapting utensils to many more uses than they were originally intended for. Thus a jam-pot will become an efficient rolling-pin when its contents have been devoured, and the board on which the pastry is rolled will serve later as bread board.

THE USES OF A SACK.

The virtues of the ordinary miller's sack become numerous in the eyes of the camper. As floor covering within the tent they are supreme, but they must always be thrown out of the door in the morning and left out all day in the sun. Rolled up they form seats or pillows, and on wet days one can live under a sack and never feel the damp. They make splendid blankets.

And here a word as to sleeping. Never forget that however unbearably hot and sultry a day may have been there always comes between the hours of two and four a very chilly spell. One's own vitality is low and the air is laden with the utmost degree of moisture.

It is never wise therefore to fall asleep at night with only sufficient covering for the moment's need. Long experience has shown me that the finest covering the camper can have is a number of sacks into which are roughly sewn whole newspapers spread out inside. The roughest stitching is sufficient to keep the papers spread out inside the sacks. The warmth they give is remarkable.

H. CONYERS.

CANARY BREEDING.

A PAYING HOBBY.

It is the general impression that canaries are delicate birds, and need a great deal of attention. This is a mistake, as the bird has a hardy disposition, bar one or two varieties. Through this mistaken impression many people do not keep these little songsters, who otherwise have done so.

Of all the various strains, the Norwich is probably the most popular, on account of their brilliant plumage. But their popularity is gradually decreasing now that it has become so widely known that this rich plumage is obtained by mixing cayenne pepper and biscuits, and giving it as food during the moulting season.

The housing of the birds is an important thing. It is no good getting expensive cages and then putting them in small, rusty cages, if you are anything of a carpenter you can make yourself up a very decent aviary, or, in the happy position of having a room at your disposal, use that for the accommodation of your birds.

I need hardly tell you that it is essential to keep the place clean; also to give a fresh supply of water twice a day.

After choosing the birds from which to start breeding, let the hens have a large cage or in an empty room, if possible. This will put them in perfect comfort, the task which is before them. They would do well with the same treatment. You must be careful not to put too many in one cage, as it is quite likely they will fight and cause damage to their feathers, which will cause them to be debarred from any intended show.

If it can be managed, keep the two sexes separate, that they are unable to see each other. You will find that when you come to mate the birds have chosen mates for themselves, usually their selections are altogether different from your views.

When cleaning the breeding cages, scrub them with boiling water; after they are clean, dry, coat them with the following mixture, which will effectually destroy any insects which may have survived the boiling water: Turpentine, half-a-pint; camphor, half-a-pint; spirit of tar, four ounces. Dissolve the camphor in the turpentine, then add the spirit of tar.

After the birds have been paired up, the first thing to be thought about is the kind of nest to use. I recommend a cocoanut shell, or the wall or branch of a tree if breeding in an aviary. Never let the birds build a nest supported merely by twigs, as the other sex will pull it away; recently I had five of my eggs smashed in this manner. When breeding in cages, it is best to have a wooden box, screwed on to the back of the cage; this will get at when you want to see the young.

When the hen begins to lay, the male should be taken away and a stone one substituted. She has her full complement of eggs when she has laid five, when you should give her back the male.

For feeding young canaries, the following formula is very useful: Roast a pound of fine oatmeal in an oven until it turns a brown colour; allow it to cool, then add a pound of Indian meal and a pound of finely powdered, a tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix well and give a good supply of green food.

With proper care in breeding, you can get a very fair price for each young bird.

If you are going to breed for show, I strongly recommend a goldfinch or a canary, as they have a softer note than the other birds, and at the same time are more numerous.

For those who wish to go in for prizes, the best birds to start with are the Norwich, Cinnamons, Lizards and Fancy canaries.

FRANCIS

711, 1909.

THE MODERN MAN.

BUSINESS · IS · BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

PRESSING A CUSTOMER.

There is no more delicate problem to be met with in the daily labours of the salesman than that of introducing to a customer goods which the latter purchase when he entered

Are you all right for socks? Braces, perhaps?" And so on till every part of a man's wardrobe has been run over.

The customer simply shakes his head.

If, on the other hand, before you say anything about the things at all, you place them on the counter in front of him, there is something for him to look at and something to back your suggestion.

Goods shown to the customer serve the same purpose as the illustrations in a stores catalogue, only they serve it to better purpose.

One great reason why you should bring forth the goods quickly and unobtrusively is that many a customer is sensitive in the matter of giving trouble in shops.

If you merely suggest your willingness to show him something, he feels that the chances are that he will not buy and that he will be sorry for having given you the trouble, and so he often refuses to look at them though he would certainly give them his consideration if they were presented to his notice.

When a customer is buying a number of articles, it is an excellent plan not to wait till he has come to the end of his programme before you introduce other goods, but to show some to him before he has completed all his intended purchases.

He wants shirts, for example; it is well to put down beside him a few ties and soft collars, and to invite him to examine them as the newest patterns.

But, above all, never allow the customer to think that you are exercising your powers of persuasion upon him, for here, if anywhere, the essence of art lies in its concealment.

Another caution is that you should never give the impression that you are following a prescribed formula.

Don't use stock phrases, such as "Next, please," for that gives the customer the impression that he is being regarded as a pawn in the game of business, and if there is one thing that a customer likes to keep more than his money it is his self-respect.

THE PRESENT SLUMP.

Whatever be the cause, whether it is political or not, there are few businesses which are not at present suffering from a depression in trade. While expenses are going up, receipts are diminishing.

The problem which the business man who is working on his own has now to face, is how he can weather the storm.

My advice to him is to hang on whatever happens. Prosperity and depression, it has been proved by the history of business, go in cycles, and without question we shall presently have a boom all round. We have expected it for several years now, but it is still keeping off. In anticipation of this, however, and keeping it always in his mind's eye, the business man must maintain a stout heart and, if he cannot forge ahead, he must at least hold his own.

How it is to be done is a problem which he himself must solve, for the methods and the details will depend wholly upon the nature of the business.

In a general way, however, I may say that he should, as far as possible, cut down expenses and should avoid implicating himself in the matter of credit. It is, of course, necessary in practically every business to avail oneself of the advantages of credit, but it should always be borne in mind that credit is a dark cloud which at any time may come down upon a man and engulf him in bankruptcy.

Therefore while you are fighting the present slump, avoid saddling yourself with too many debts. If you were certain that the bad times would quickly disappear, you would be safe in

taking as much credit as you could get, but there is no saying when brighter days are coming, and therefore you should set your business on a firm basis so that it can stand on its own feet for an indefinite period.

It is not pleasing to have to cut down the number of one's employees, or to curtail any other expenses which one has come to regard as essential, but this course is less painful than that of seeing your business crumble altogether or pass into other hands.

Face the present depression in a sensible business way, by cutting down expenses. Better times must come; let us trust it will be soon.

LUCK IN BUSINESS.

If you have mis-spent your time in reading the biographies of successful business men, you will have discovered that the majority of them have owed some part of their success to sheer luck.

Luck unquestionably plays a most important part in business, but, perhaps owing to the general justice of things, or perhaps by chance, it always seems to come only to the man who has been courting it by steady hard work.

To him alone is luck of any use. When the man who lacks a grasp of detail gets a stroke of luck, he simply throws it away.

The moral of all this sermon is to plod along so that you may be ready to make the most of it when luck pays you a visit.

WANTING A NEW JOB.

I am constantly receiving letters from readers who appear to imagine that I have a large number of profitable jobs in my pocket.

"I enclose copies of my testimonials," one writes, "and I can assure you that I shall give every satisfaction to you or to anyone else who will employ me. I am not out of employment, but I desire a change, as I do not think there are prospects in my present position."

For one thing, I have at the present time no vacancies whatsoever so far as my own business is concerned, and for another I do not think that a man is wise in writing to me from the North of England, as this one does, under the impression that he will be bettering his position by coming to London.

In fact he is most unwise to contemplate a change at the present time, for the state of the employment market has never been worse.

He says that his opportunities for rising in his present position are small. He gives me very few particulars as to what he is doing now, but I gather that he is in a warehouse, and I should imagine that in such a place he has as good a chance of getting on as almost anywhere else.

I can well understand that it sometimes happens that a man finds himself under the thumb of an employer who is a tyrant, and an unjust one at that. In such a case the wisest thing to do is to look out for something better, but the tyrannical employer is now by no means common, and I gather that my correspondent is more discontented than injured; he appears to be one of those people who imagine that they are destined for great things without having to struggle to get them.

One of these days he will have a rude awakening.

There is hardly any job where you cannot make a success if the elements of success are in you. If you feel like this correspondent, just remember that there are hundreds of men out of work, and that they would give their ears for the post that you want to relinquish.

SUGGESTIONS.

I shall at all times be happy to deal on this page with business matters upon which readers require special information themselves, and which are of general interest to others.

If there is some matter which you would like me to discuss, I shall be happy to do so, provided that it applies in some measure to all callings and not to one alone.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS
COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXII. THE BORN COMMANDER.



The trade of Moulden, whose staple industry, as all the world knows, is the making of chain, had been slack for a long time.

Such a circumstance is by no means uncommon to Moulden, which scarcely sees a twelve-month pass without something of the kind happening, but this time there was no doubt that things were bad, for it was winter.

The sharp lines of want began to appear on the children's faces, begrimed with the accumulation of dirt though they were; women talked to each other, not in the lively tone of discontent which is common to them when life is pleasant and satisfactory, but quietly, with dry voices, and always interrogatory as to the state of the larder, the prospects of food on the morrow.

And men gathered in bunches at the street corner, stolidly idle, suffering the inevitable in silence, the result mainly of inability to put into words their feelings, a silence that often bodes more danger than savage protest.

Most of the chain-works were closed down. A few here and there were able to keep a few hands employed, but the luck of those few only served to throw into greater relief the destitution being endured by so many.

A notable exception was the new, red-brick works of Richard Selby, where machinery hummed during ten hours of the day and the timekeeper at the gates registered each morning the full complement of workpeople employed during the normal condition of trade.

That Richard had also felt the slump and was keeping the works busy by manufacturing stock was either unknown to outsiders or forgotten by them.

His apparent prosperity was a standing affront.

There were many, too, who openly asserted that Richard was indirectly the cause of the existing distress.

The statement was unjustifiable by facts and opposed to commonsense, for the whole businesses of the country were going through a period of depression, but there it was, and as the weeks dragged by, the occasional voices of resentment against him grew until he was the target of almost universal enmity.

Richard saw and understood it without caring, so far as the men were concerned.

There was a streak of ruthlessness in Richard which forbade him to pity men who were to a large extent responsible for their own misery.

When times were good it was far from infrequent for an efficient chain-maker to pocket on pay-day six or seven pounds; yet whatever stress came he was entirely without resource. His money had gone in liquid.

But the suffering of women and children excited so much counter-suffering in himself that, characteristically enough, he immediately took steps to mitigate it.

The public building, which in happier days was enjoyed by the local young men as an elaborately equipped gymnasium, was temporarily transformed into a relief house, where women and children could receive gratis all they needed in the way of food.

Men were barred, except they secured ticket-admission from Richard in person.

This was not only necessary but judicious. Richard had no intention to encourage the worthless and undesirable, and of these there were far more than genuine cases of want. Be-

sides, he believed that the right sort of man scorned charity so long as he had muscles and health.

There is never starvation for a man who is grimly determined not to starve. It is they who sit down to philosophise about the hardship of life that constitute what are known as the unemployed.

But though Richard's hours were devoted in a great measure to doing what he could for his townspeople he still had time for his own affairs. Indeed, his energy under adversity was

terrific.

"It is when we're slack that we're most busy," he told his secretary Graill one day. "We've got a chance then to look round and see what we can do with development and improvement. I'm off to Liverpool to-morrow to hustle up our agent. We ought to do double the business we are doing with the big ship-builders about there."

"How long shall you be away?" asked Graill.

"Back same night. What's up, man? You look anxious."

"Nothing much. I hear two or three of our men were roughly handled on coming to work this morning. Looks as if those who haven't work are beginning to object to those who have. I'm no alarmist, but there's trouble coming unless things ease up."

Richard bit the knuckle of one finger thoughtfully.

"I anticipated this," he said. "Once they've made a start there's no knowing where they'll stop. Anybody hurt badly?"

"No; more threats than blows so far. Of course, Jameson's quick temper made him answer back and somebody slung a brick at him. Hadn't we better keep the gates locked?"

"On no account," replied Richard. "They'd get encouragement from our precaution. I think I'll say a word to our men. You might get 'em all together in the yard. We don't want open warfare if it can possibly be avoided. The half-dozen police in the town would be useless."

Richard spoke to the men peremptorily.

"Remember you're better off than they are," he said. "You've got to swallow threats and dodge blows if you can. Pass by on the other side is your game. Don't show funk, of course, but the man who goes halfway to meet a quarrel I shall fire out of the place. You'd better go out in bunches and come in like that if you can. Understand?"

There was muttered acquiescence.

"One more thing," said Richard. "I'm keeping going for your good, not mine. Those who don't like it can quit, and I'll replace 'em from outside."

He waited.

Plainly the local disaffection had affected many of the men, for there was no enthusiastic reception of his words.

Richard dismissed them and returned to his office.

"I've changed my mind about Liverpool," he said. "You must go." There was protest on Graill's face which he ignored. "Get back to-morrow night if you can manage it and come along to Mark Gem's place. We'd better sleep there for a night or two."

"Can't trade in Liverpool wait?" asked Graill, putting his protest into words. In Richard's altered decision he read recognition of danger.

"I want trade," said Richard impassively. "That's what I'm in business for."

Graill elevated his eyebrows as if realising the

futility of argument, and changed

II.

At seven o'clock the following Richard and Graill, walking down wards the works, saw a crowd of men gathered outside the gateway.

Richard quickened his pace, and a sidelong glance at him, saw that his face was compressed. He said nothing, but his eyes quickened.

When they arrived, a solid mass of men barred their entry.

"Yo' ain't comin' in 'ere," was said in quarters with varying degrees of truculence. Richard came to a halt and swept his eyes slowly over the sullen faces.

He recognised several of his workmen, they had been intimidated. The closed way proved that entry had been barred.

"Where's the rest, Turner?" he asked his men.

"Cleared off," intercepted a short, burly man with a black beard before Turner could answer, "same as yo'd better do."

"So you're up against me, Sam Davis, you?" said Richard. "You with a wife and five kids who'd be starving if it wasn't for relief-house."

"Yes, it's me," was the defiant answer. "I've to'd the missus if she takes any yo'r blarsted charity I'll screw her neck an' yer like as makes folk starve."

His face went vicious and he took a step towards Richard, his fists clenched.

"Yo' clear while yo're safe," he said. "Can't work, yo' sha'n't."

Richard said no word, but a surge darkened his face.

He stepped forward swiftly and with a mallet fist under Davis's jaw. The man fell like a felled ox.

It was over in a second, and Richard went his way calmly through the men, the key in the lock before they had reached their stupefaction.

When the gate was open he turned and faced the men. He did not speak. They waited.

There was no movement of aggression as he walked into the yard of his works. It towards the offices, Graill followed.

"For God's sake," whispered the men, "the gates! They'll smash up the place."

Richard strode on.

Graill fought the instinct to turn round if the men had already come in, knowing the first hint of timidity would be fatal. In silence they entered the empty offices.

Graill felt bewilderment battling with apprehension.

"Sure as Davis gets his senses in. He's the ringleader. They're a lot of sheep. They only want a leader."

"Let him, or them, or the whole town," Richard said. "These are my works, and I'll stand even if the devil himself tries to stop me."

"But if they start, you can't stop an army of 'em."

"Look here," said Richard with calm fury. "These are my works, and by God I'll keep 'em!"

He seemed unable to say, to think of anything else.

The attempt to keep him from his force had had the effect of welding them into one solid unbreakable determination.

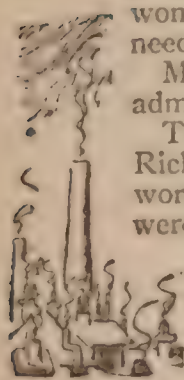
He would conduct his business in his own way, come what might.

These men who solidify into a mass as immovable as cliffs. The water would break on them and recede.

Those men outside could invade his works as they liked.

He did not know what retaliation to adopt if they did, but he did know that regret would be sharpest. There would be smashed skulls, and his own smashed skull. Time would decide.

And Richard Selby had done the best he



[Another of these stories will appear next week.—ED.]

See page iii. of cover for details.

J. PAXTON.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

My Dog's Holiday

Forgotten is authority.—HEATH.

He is a thorough Cockney so far as his immediate ancestry is concerned, for he was born in a straw-lined sugar box, with a familiar name and a cube in stencil upon its side, in the backyard of a house within a stone's throw of London Bridge.

I believe, however, that, were it possible to trace his pedigree a few steps back, it would be found that he came of good old English rural stock, and that there is in him a strain which shows itself only when he is in the midst of rural scenes. At all other times he is the pert, cheeky, smart and dapper little Londoner to the life.

He is never at a loss for a word to any of the other terriers that meet him in his daily run upon Clapham Common. He can hold his own with any dog, and he knows the erratic habits of the motor 'bus and the motor-car to perfection.

A COCKNEY IN THE COUNTRY.

But he can throw off his superficial town manners in an instant when he finds himself in the heart of the country where, just now, he happens to be.

For this is his annual holiday. Together we have spent many a fortnight in the country, each time visiting a different part, and we invariably "have a good time."

He knows as well as I do when preparations are being made for leaving town. He will grow excited with me as he watches me examine the map and choose our holiday haunt, and when I tell him that we shall start soon, his delight knows no bounds. He will career round my room, standing on each chair in turn, now and then giving me a specimen bark as if to show that he has not forgotten the tone which is appropriate and "the thing" among dogs when in hot pursuit of a rabbit in a dense plantation.

JUST PALS.

And so here we are, and here we have been for nearly a week, and not a moment has been wasted.

But I confess that my dog's holiday is not without its anxieties for me. One of the first conclusions he comes to when we leave the country station is that I have for the time being given up my claim to be his master.

He becomes my equal, and as such he knows no laws. He knows quite well that we have come away from town to enjoy ourselves, and he pretends to think that every wood, every cover, every spinney and plantation is kept well stocked with game and rabbits solely for his amusement.

He has no knowledge of the claims of sport made by particular landlords, or of the jealousy with which keepers and game breeders guard the peace and serenity of the woods where the birds are nesting and bringing up their broods for the pleasure of the sportsman a few weeks hence.

INDEPENDENCE.

Every wood is his. When I walk by the highway, pursuing my comparatively harmless interests among wild birds and wild flowers, he is off into the wood without so much as a "see you later at lunch."

Then my trials and anxieties begin. At first I hear little beyond his scurrying feet among the leaves and underwood.

But this is only a warning of serious trouble to come. Suddenly from some far corner of the wood I hear his voice echoing among the trees.

It is his country voice, his sporting voice, and is full of meaning. There is wild exultation in it, for he has started a rabbit. There is just a thought of me in it, for he likes me to know that he is enjoying himself.

There is more of the lust of chase and capture in it than anything else, for he is now



wildly careering through the wood in the wake of his prey, and he literally screams with delight as he catches sight of the white stump of a rabbit's tail bobbing up and down and dodging in and out of the underwood, always just out of reach of his nose but near enough to make him smack his lips at the thought of a capture after the race.

Sometimes the voice comes nearer, sometimes it almost fades away into the far distance, as the rabbit doubles and turns and dodges and grows tired and my dog grows more and more excited.

FOILED.

The whole wood proclaims the crime for which I am responsible, and for which at any moment I may be brought to book by an angry keeper anxious to hand me and my dog over to the tender mercies of a sporting magistrate at the nearest petty sessions.

Then, as suddenly as it began, the sound of the chase ceases. Something has stopped it, and I listen.

A bark, half a yelp, comes from the depth of the wood. My dog has been foiled. The rabbit has found a hole and is safely underground.

For some minutes I hear muffled angry sounds, and I know that he is tearing the earth from the burrow in a last frantic effort to get at his quarry.

THE MISCREANT'S RETURN.

But this soon ceases, and somewhere along the edge of the wood I see presently my dog come slowly loping back, his face torn with bramble thorns, his muzzle red with the earth, and his drooping tongue a mass of grass and mould by way of evidence of the strenuous efforts he has made to tear up the ground. I can find no words to fit the case, but calling him to me with a non-committal tone I hurry from the neighbourhood thankful to think that no keeper has been within earshot of the racket.

Sometimes it is a farmyard that he raids like any De Wet, and the fowls fly cackling in all directions, while the farmer goes indoors for a gun.

He has got me into many awkward situations, and I have not always spoken as affectionately to him as I have been doing about him.

So far, however, I have got him safely through all his scrapes. And he does enjoy his holiday.

C. EASTON-GRAY.

RESULT OF THIRD COMPETITION.

We have received many congratulations on the failure of the competitions which some of our readers asked us to run. As our Editor has already said, he does not believe in competitions, but he is the servant of his public and, believing that many readers would like this sort of thing, he started a competition for their benefit.

The result has proved conclusively that the circulation of THE MODERN MAN is built upon a sounder basis than the old competition wheeze. Therefore we have closed down these competitions, and we have done it sharp.

At the same time, every care has been exer-

cised in the allotment of the prizes in the tests which have been judged after we had to stop all competitions.

For the third competition the money amounted to £2 7s. 6d. We have sought to facilitate division, and the prizes have been selected as the winners, according to the rules: Mr. F. Ward, 53, Birknall Road, S.E., 15s. (A ball in the hand is worth than two in the ear.) Mr. B. Finch, 11, Ley Road, Flitwick, Bedfordshire, 10s. (merits grow with every "Test" in English games the best.) Mr. W. J. Ston, 10, Dawes Road, Fulham, 10s. (Next "Test" my advice is try, and fish to Fry.) Consolation prizes have been sent to Mr. A. E. W. Laburnum Road, Chertsey; Mr. C. H. 6, Winn Street, Lincoln; Mr. F. B. G. Ely Road, Llandaff, S. Wales; Mr. J. 122A, Liverpool Street, Salford; Mr. C. 64, Carnegie Street, Dundee.

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Date, ...

Postal Orders should be made payable to the order of the

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Please Write Plainly.

BRIEF REPLIES.

In this column the Editor, his staff and contributors, endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.)

S. C. (Northampton).—You ought to get comfortable farmhouse lodgings, with a usual price, provided the district is not too much sought after by holiday-makers. As a bit of shooting, fishing and riding, you should be able to arrange for that without extra charge.

H. R. (Edinburgh).—To get a clear, healthy exercise to make you sweat at least once each day, take plenty of hot baths and sufficient exercise to make you sweat at least once each day.

C. (Bolton).—Don't worry about your old not answering your letters. Probably his is taken up with some girl or another; find yourself and be happy.

S. S. (Plymouth).—Don't ask for a rise under extra conditions. Work up to it by doing a bit and then put the question. It doesn't refuse it; if he feels obliged to do so, he will think you are discontented and will, perhaps, look about for someone to fill your place.

L. (Cheltenham).—It will do you no harm to sleep all night in the garden, provided you have another above you.

H. I. B. (Boston).—It is extremely difficult for a heavy smoker to knock off, and he should not attempt to do so suddenly. Reduce your allowance of tobacco daily, and read Dr. Robertson's "Cures for Smoking" which appeared in our tenth number.

F. N. (Norwich).—Don't come to London. Unemployment amongst clerks is more rife here than anywhere else.

"BOWLER" (Manchester).—You must regard your expenditure on bowler hats as an inevitable expense. If you wear one daily in a city, you cannot expect it to look well after six months; wear it nearer the limit if you want your head to be smart.

E. M. (Cork).—Before you use harsher measures with your horse, try tiring him out. When he refuses to move, just sit still and keep him there a quarter of an hour after he does want to go on.

G. F. (Inverness).—A cold bath and a brisk rub down just before going to bed, is an excellent thing for sleeplessness.

G. C. (Raynes Park).—Glad to have you as a reader. You say you'd have given anything to know of this paper six months ago; why don't you send to our publishers, 67, Long Acre, for a complete set of back numbers, or order through your newsagent?

E. D. (Kilmarnock).—You can easily fit up an electric bath by using a small shocking coil and putting one wire at each end of the bath.

"YEDMAN" (Sheffield).—It is possible to get Territorial regiment. Ask your sergeant-major which shop sells them.

C. P. (Leeds).—Don't try to make a living at writing. The path of the pro. is a thorny one. You had better know you are considered smart with the Territorial only.

L. I. B. (Clapham).—You should get hold of a copy of the Musketry Regulations. They will tell you one at the Orderly Room. An Enfield has five grooves in it, and a Metford the latter is the older pattern.

R. B. (Merthyr).—You will find an exercise book will meet your requirements in our number dated June 12th. Any of the chest exercises will be beneficial.

S. M. J. (Hampstead).—One of those trunks made of compressed fibre will do just as well. They are very much cheaper than leather, and properly treated, last almost as long.

M. R. T. (Bulford).—If a horse will not let you touch his hind leg, all you have to do is to get someone to hold up one of his forelegs. He can't kick then.

CHANCE ACQUAINTANCES.



WHY YOU SHOULD MAKE THEM.

At this season of the year when one is on holiday, there are many opportunities for forming chance acquaintanceships and they should not be lost; but—and it is a big but—you should never allow the chance acquaintance to take any advantage of you.

Sharps are everywhere, eager to make friends with anybody, anxious to get your money on one pretext or another; but of the men you may get to know in a casual way at the seaside or in the country, it is safe to say that not more than one in ten is a sharper. For that one, however, you must be prepared, and it is safe to make the rule in the case of every chance acquaintance that under no pretext whatsoever will you lend him or give him money.

Remembering that, you may count yourself free to enjoy the amusement that his conversation and company may give you. For my own part my chance acquaintances are generally very safe, for they are soldiers.

I have been prevented by the particular calling that I have chosen from taking any part in military work; I cannot even be a Territorial; but nevertheless, I have within me the old longing of the English fighting man, and I like to meet and to talk with those who are such.

I have given the percentage of sharps amongst chance acquaintances as one in ten; I should think that the chance of sharps amongst soldiers is something less than one in a million, for they are all sterling metal.

I have sat on the same seat on an esplanade with a soldier, as we both listened to the band, and it is not very difficult for two young men, both sportsmen, to strike up a temporary friendship. A comment upon the music or upon the crowd will generally do it.

Many a lonesome holiday has been made a happy one to me by such a friendship. Time and again I have made soldier friends who have enjoyed my company because I am the most patient listener to the tales of their varied exploits and of their doings in camp and barracks.

It is not likely that everybody's tastes are military, but I am certain that most of us on holiday want to meet people who are different from ourselves. If your taste is of the sea, then get to know sailors—in fact, whatever your inclinations are, it is possible in the holiday time to make acquaintances in whose company you can secure far more entertainment than if you kept yourself to yourself or mixed only with men of your own calling.

It is not only the ozone that bucks a man up and makes him fit for work again after a fortnight by the seaside; more often than not the real tonic that he brings back with him is the new ideas and the new outlook which he has obtained through meeting men who are altogether outside his own sphere of life and whose acquaintance he has made purely by chance.

J. HANSWORTH.

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

X. THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

Being practically the only branch of the Territorial army which has literally sprung out of nothing, the Army Service Corps naturally works more or less in the limelight.

The auxiliary A.S.C. simply did not exist before the reorganisation of the forces, and the nation, as well as the authorities, is naturally anxious to see what progress the newly-formed units can make towards the efficiency that is so necessary if the Territorial Force is to be complete in itself.

The work of the corps is not only important but immensely varied. It has been said, with more truth than delicacy, that an army marches on its stomach, and the breakdown of the transport and supply department would be little short of fatal.

Each regiment has its own regimental transport, consisting of but one wagon to a battalion, but beyond this, all the transport work has to be done by the A.S.C., while the supply sections provide butchers, bakers, cooks and all the other skilled men whose services are necessary to the feeding of an army—no light job, and one needing an extraordinary amount of detailed knowledge.

But supply work, essential though it is, has none of the pomp and circumstance of war about it, and claims few men compared with the transport companies. Here every driver—and officer too, for that matter—must be able to ride and drive, as well as to shoot and to be proficient both at cavalry mounted drill and foot drill.

And it takes no small amount of nerve and skill to manage a pair of untrained horses in a clattering, springless transport wagon.

The A.S.C. man must know all that there is to be known about a horse or mule. He has to master the mysteries of pack-transport as well as practically to break in 'bus horses to an unfamiliar form of draught. He has to learn the galls that a horse is liable to and the way to deal with them, as a machine-gunner learns the pet jams of a maxim. He has to grasp the intricacies of numerous patterns of harness and wagon, and to know something of railway transport into the bargain.

In short, he has much to learn, and though it will naturally be some little time before he is perfect, the average Territorial A.S.C. man has by keenness and hard work picked up his job very quickly.

Each brigade is now served by its own A.S.C. company, and the companies are organised in many cases into Divisional Transport and Supply Columns, of which one (Headquarters) company is told off to the Division as a whole, and consists of 4 officers and 108 other ranks, instead of 3 officers and 58 other ranks.

The regular A.S.C. is only divided into companies and the "T. and S. Columns" have to be organised on mobilisation.

The Territorial A.S.C. suffers with the other working branches of the Forces from lack of funds and equipment, but it is fortunate in having a friend at court in Colonel Sir Edward Ward, A.S.C., Secretary to the War Office, and Hon. Colonel of the 2nd London Division T. and S. Column; he fed Ladysmith during the siege, and to him Sir George White subsequently referred as "the best supply officer since Moses."

The uniform of the corps is extremely smart, and exactly the same as that of the regular branch—dark blue with white facings, and waist sash of blue, white and yellow.

It is not so very long since the regular A.S.C. was developed from the old Commissariat Department and Wagon Trains. It is therefore one of the junior branches of the Army, ranking next to the infantry and before the R.A.M.C., but its work, though intensely practical, is often dangerous—for a convoy is a prize worth capturing in war—and always useful.

S. ROBERTSON.



THE OUTR MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SUMMER WAISTCOATS.

With the summer at last upon us a word as to the summer waistcoat may be in season.

Many men in the hot weather drop that article of clothing altogether, but now that such a variety of thin waistcoats can be obtained this is neither necessary nor becoming.

A man with no waistcoat on, and his watch-chain run through the buttonhole in the lapel of his coat, looks somehow like 'Arry out for a 'oliday, and no one wants to look like that.

The best kind of waistcoat for summer wear is a washing one.

This is both cheap in the first instance, and lasts some years at a slight expense for washing.

A plain self-coloured linen will prove the most useful material, as it can be used with any suit, but it should be relieved by fancy buttons a little out of the common.

The smartest form of summer waistcoat, however, and one which can be worn in spring and autumn also, is a more expensive one of white cloth with stripes of black or some other colour about an inch or more apart.

These are now worn with the opening cut low, with four, or perhaps five buttons, and the points cut away, and hanging some inches below the bottom button.

Waistcoats of this material cannot be washed satisfactorily, but must be sent to the cleaner's. This will need to be done about once in a season if the garment is treated with proper care.

WAISTCOAT OPENINGS.

The openings of all waistcoats, not only of "fancy vests," are now being cut quite low, and the lines of the "V" should follow those of the lapels of the coat, and should show above them as a vest slip does above a waistcoat.

There should be a uniform width of waistcoat showing, which will, of course, vary with the roll of the coat, but with a coat rolled to the average height and furnished with two buttons not more than an inch, or possibly two inches, of waistcoat should show.

With these low-cut vests it is especially important to pay attention to the smartness of shirt and tie, and to the proper set of the collar. A pleated shirt and open-ended tie form the best combination to wear with them.

MOURNING.

I have been asked by a reader what is the correct thing for a man to wear when he is in mourning.

Well, of course, "it all depends." If he has lost a very near relation, or when attending a funeral, he will naturally attire himself completely in black—many men keep an old pair of dress trousers for this express purpose.

If, however, one is in mourning for a more distant relation or for a friend, a black band round the arm, together with a black tie, will probably be all that is necessary. It is advisable, however, to keep to clothes of a more or less sombre hue, and to wear black boots in preference to brown, for a month or so after the bereavement.

A broad black hat-band—whether of crêpe or some other material—used to be the invariable accompaniment even of half-mourning. But now the broad hat-band is only worn on the silk hat when the deceased is a very near relative, but it should never on any account be worn on a bowler hat.



FLANNEL COLLARS.

The vogue of the flannel collar has to a certain extent fizzled out, but it is still popular among those who set comfort before appearance. If properly put on and fixed with a neat safety pin, the flannel collar looks extremely smart.

If you have experienced the usual trouble, and lost or forgotten your safety pin, it is not a bad plan to guard against future mishaps by sewing on each side one of those little studs which are often used in place of buttons on gloves, or which are called "dress fasteners," I believe, when found on a lady's garments.

These may be used to fasten down the flaps at the corners and to keep the collar in place.

The fashion of wearing soft collars of startling colours has gone out altogether, and they are best restricted now to white.

Moreover, soft linen is cooler and looks better than flannel, and is not so liable to chafe the skin. The soft linen collar is often to be seen in summer even in Bond Street and Piccadilly, and there is no doubt that it is a more sensible form of neckwear than the starched affair that most of us are used to.

Many men adopt a stock as the most comfortable form of neckwear.

This is all right if you are wearing breeches, and more or less sporting attire, but it does not look well with a dark suit, or in conjunction with trousers.

BREECHES STRAPPINGS.

Why they should be called "strappings" is more than I know, for they bear no resemblance to a strap.

If you go in for riding at all, there is no doubt that it is advisable to have an extra piece of material sewn on your breeches at the inside of the knee.

Buckskin is the material generally used for this purpose, for not only does the thickness of it protect the knee from being galled by contact with the saddle, but, having a rough surface, it gives a better grip than can be obtained by the cloth alone.

But even if you are in the habit of wearing breeches, although you do not actually ride a horse, it is preferable to have strappings of some sort on them.

Without them there always appears to be something wanting, and the seam down the inside of the knee seems for some reason rather unsightly, and is apt to "give."

But in this case the strapping should be of the same material as the breeches, otherwise they are apt to be too conspicuous, and to lay you open to the charge of trying to appear horsey without being so.

TRYING ON.

The advisability of a second fitting, when a suit is complete, has been referred to before on this page.

It is extremely unlikely that every alteration which has to be made after the first fitting will be made with absolute correctness, and when once the suit has left the tailor's shop, one is always more reluctant to insist on some trifling alteration, and many men put up with faultily fitting suits simply to save trouble.

By doing this they neither do themselves nor their tailor justice, and if they had chosen their tailor well, he would have spared no pains to turn them out perfectly fitted.

Many tailors, however, do not produce the trousers of a suit to be tried on, unless specially asked for them.

It is extremely unwise to take this garment on trust, for there is just as much possibility of its fitting badly as of the coat doing so.

THE WIDTH OF TROUSERS.

The width of leg in a pair of trousers is the most important detail to notice.

There is a growing tendency among English tailors to make trousers with something like elephantine bagginess of leg which is so dear to the American.

If you remonstrate, they will have a plausible excuse, especially if you are of medium height, when you will be told, "sir, you are tall enough to carry it off."

But if you take my advice you will not flattered and carry it off. If you have omitted to see that the correct measurements—seven to eighteen inches on the average man—have been taken in the first instance, you will return the trousers to the tailor and see that he removes their enormity.

It is not a very difficult matter, and it is worth your while to insist on getting what you want.

The American "peg-top" trouser is not any means a thing of beauty, and it seems unfortunately to be gaining foothold in England.

The beastly thing is enormous round the thigh, and tapers down until it only reaches reasonable width at the ankle.

Its one advantage is that bagginess at the knees ceases to be noticeable, for it is as were, drowned in the baggy folds of the trousers.

It behoves every Englishman who has regard for his own appearance and that of his fellow countrymen to stand out against the importation of it, and to see that his tailor does not palm it off on him.

THE BACHELOR'S FRIEND.

A thing that a man who takes care of his clothes should never be without—unless he is fortunate enough to have one of flesh and blood handy—is a "housewife."

There is something ignominious in having to go to a tailor, or even a landlady, in order to get a single button sewn on, and that is just where the housewife comes in.

I remember that in my own schooldays, when "matron," whose business it presumably was to consider the sewing on of buttons to be beneath her dignity.

When his nether garments, therefore, one of these small but necessary appendages to the youth who was unskilled in the use of the needle had no remedy but to tear off several more buttons, and then the damage was considered sufficiently serious for the things to be sent to the tailor.

The man's housewife should contain needles—of a fairly large variety, for the threading of those diminutive brutes known as "egg shapes" is liable to lead to much vexation of spirit.

It should also contain black and white cotton thread, black and white pins, both of safety and ordinary variety, spare buttons of various kinds, some tape, and a small pair of scissors.

Though the careful man may have to call on its aid but seldom, there is a delightful feeling of independence in knowing that you have the means at hand of doing your own small repairs, and, of course, to the camper a housewife is invaluable.



SMART SUITS.

SPECIAL OFFER.

We have just secured some quite new materials for Summer Suits, cut to your measure for

34/-

Or 5/- Monthly.

Write at once for our new Patterns, or call and see us between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m.

WITTAM & CO.

231, Old Street, London, E.C.



Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment or goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Tan Boots.—Round toes, size 8; worn once; sell 11s., cost 15s.—Box 801, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman, 5ft. 9in., has superior well made dark grey Trousers, inside leg 31in., waist 36in.; sacrifice 6s. 6d.; also 1 pair navy blue serge, 5s.; and 1 pair black, 5s.; 12s. 6d. the 3 pairs, or will divide; all perfect condition. Too cheap for approval.—Box 802, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

5 doz. soiled turn-down Collars.—Sixteens; various depths; sample 4d.; lot 8s. 6d., or 2s. per doz.; approval; deposit.—Box 803, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's black vicuna Coat and Vest; light grey striped Trousers, new, chest 36in., inside sleeve 19in., inside leg 33in.; 27s. 6d.—Box 804, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted first-class Suit and Overcoat.—No rubbish; chest 43in., waist 44, leg 32in.; approval; must be cheap.—Box 805, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Canoeist wants companion with a Rob Roy Canoe, fortnight's cruise; second half August.—E. Russell Sanders, 3, Ashcroft Villas, Darlington.

120 lb. disc Barbell.—4 rods, 16 collars, complete with advanced course, quite new, 25s. Books, magazines, etc.; send stamp for lists.—Box 823, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Split Cane (steel centred), 18ft. 5in. Salmon Rod, by Hardy; patent locking joints and rings; reel by Hardy, greenhart, 14ft., by Farlow; 1 perfect flies, Norway; only used two seasons, as good as new. Open to offer.—Box 826, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

To Territorials.—Westley-Richards' Cadet Rifle, case, accessories, cost £8; sell £4 or nearest offer; also pair Shooting Boots, nines, 8s.—17, Hampstead Road, Preston, Brighton.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Smart Light Dog-Cart, suit cob 13.2, 14.2; new lamps, whip, apron, £15; cart only, £12.—Box 779, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Handsome Set of Brass Mounted Carriage Harness; full size; nearly new, £4 10s., or near offer.—Box 780, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's Pigskin Riding Saddle, with Bridle; complete; nickel fittings; perfect; 50s.—Box 781, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Brass Harness, with Breast Collar, suit small pony or donkey, £1 5s.—Box 782, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Harness wanted, to fit 14.3, must be in perfect condition, black and brass mounted.—Box 783, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Small Riding Saddle, for a very small pony; will give Irish terrier bitch, value 30s., in exchange, or buy for cash.—Box 784, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Very handsome set of full-sized black nickel mounted Harness.—Extra strong reins; breeches, by noted maker; nearly new; cost 12 gns.; what offers?—Box 806, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Margate.—Wanted, comfortable Bed-sitting-room, facing sea; terms must be moderate.—Box 853, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Farm.—Board-residence offered, 2 or 3 friends; good rough shooting and fishing; terms moderate.—Box 852, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Westcliffe.—Comfortable Bed-sitting-room, with full board, wanted at once; terms must be moderate.—Write Box 854, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

3-h.p. Humber.—Chain drive; excellent order; good tyres; trial arranged; £11, near offer. Very strong.—Box 807, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Boy's Humber.—Free wheel; 23in. frame; 26in. wheels; Clincher tyres; inverted lever brake; perfect riding order; 25s.; too cheap for approval.—Box 831, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gent's Cycle.—24in. frame; free wheel; tyres in good condition; 35s.; a bargain; too cheap for approval. Box 827, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Light smart Cycle Trailer.—Pneumatic tyres; excellent condition; 35s; cost £6.—Box 828, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Very good Trailer; in perfect condition; 25s. or near offer.—Box 829, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Pair good Tyres; 28 by 1½.—Letters only, Box 829, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Banjo.—Cost £9; no reasonable offer refused; perfect condition; Cash wanted.—Box 808, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Windsor 5-stringed Banjo.—Inlaid; with case; worth £5 10s., sell £3; exchange jewellery, poultry; offers bicycle.—Box 809, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Sheep Dog and Collie dog Pup.—Clean and smart; 5 months; very obedient; 7s. 6d.; or exchange.—Box 810, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bargain.—Large handsome Setter-retriever Dog; 2½ years; dark sable coat; grand guard; clean in house; used to children; live in water; fetch anything; 12s. 6d.—Box 811, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Whippet-Irish Terrier bitch; guaranteed excellent ratter, &c; very fast; only 5s., or exchange.—Box 812, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Five Pounds per Week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38), Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand.—Saves a year's study; learned in twelve easy lessons; used by Parliamentary Reporters at 250 words per minute. Interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Cassell's History of England up to A.D. 1840, and also 65 numbers of the engineering book of Industries; exchange good size portmanteau, or what cash offers?—Box 813, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Harmsworth's Encyclopædia for sale complete.—5 vols., bound in Roxburgh, rest unbound; 25s.; Harmsworth's History of the World, first 12 parts. 4s. 6d.—Box 814, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

POULTRY YARD.

Beautiful pair high flying Birmingham Tumblers.—Wonderful performers; nesting; 2s. 6d. pair; hens 1s. 6d., cock 1s.—Box 815, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fancy Pigeons.—Several varieties, 1908 birds; prize strains; 2s. 6d. pair.—Box 832, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

60-Egg Hot Air Incubator.—Complete; usual price, £3 3s.; sacrifice, £2, carriage forward.—Box 833, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Incubator.—200-egg; Monarch; splendid condition; cost £14 14s.; sacrifice, £3; nearest offer.—Box 834, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

STAMPS.

Old collection, in album, 1640, rarities, 2 triangular Capes, old Colonials, Continentals, 22s. 6d.—Box 816, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, old collection, cheap cash.—Approval.—Box 817, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London. Lincoln Album.—Containing about 1,000 good stamps. What cash offers?—Box 836, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Collection Argentine.—114 varieties, catalogued 112s., only 17s. 6d.; Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, 40 varieties, catalogued 63s., only 16s.; Hong Kong, 61 varieties, catalogued £11, only 45s.—Box 837, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Excellent Collection Stamps.—In Lincoln album, in good condition, 2,625 varieties, many scarce and rare; price 75s., a bargain.—Box 838, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Collection over 1,500 Foreign and Colonial Stamps.—Many rare specimens, new album. Accept 45s.—Box 839, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

TRADE.

Genuine Sheffield Special Hollow-ground Razors.—Black handles, 2s. 9d.; white, 3s.; post free; satisfaction guaranteed.—Harry Hinchliffe, Stanley Road, Sheffield.

Charles Stewart, "The Mail Order Expert," kindly requests the Readers of "The Modern Man" to be on the look out for his first generous offer, which will appear in these columns at an early date.—Box 824, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert.—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Watches.—Ladies' or Gents'; silver; perfect timekeepers; 7s. each; ditto in gold, 13s. 6d. each.—Box 840, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Safety Razor, with extra blades.—Satisfaction guaranteed; 2s. 6d.—Box 841, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fountain Pen.—Very fine; solid gold nib; only 2s.—Box 842, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Watches.—Gent's black oxydised watches; fitted with latest improvements; a timekeeper fit for a railway director; post free, 3s; satisfaction guaranteed.—Dent, Pier Avenue, Clacton-on-Sea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hand Camera, 13s. 6d.; ¼-plate; latest improvements; telescopic stand, cost 7s. 6d.; complete accessories, all nearly new, further particulars on application; 12s. 6d. lot, post free.—Box 825, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's Simulation Gold Watch.—Keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Typewriter.—Good make; exchange anything useful; approval.—Box 818, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

A collection of old black, red, and coloured Engravings, and oil paintings, urgent sale.—The collection may be acquired under very exceptional circumstances in its entirety.—Box 819, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Dozen Oil Paintings.—Majority landscapes; various artists; 18s. 6d. lot.—Box 820, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Curiosity.—Old flintlock Gun; perfect condition; 9s.; free.—Box 821, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Japanese Armour.—A complete suit for sale, in perfect condition, for £2.—Box 822, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

The Perfection Fountain Pen, fitted with massive gold nib, 5s. post free; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

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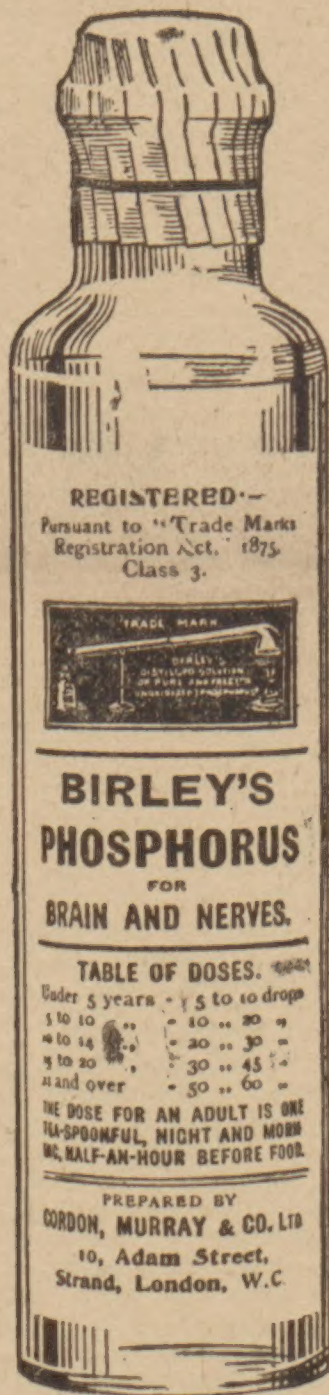
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The symptoms of a debilitated nervous system are legion, and under this heading we have a whole host of neurotic complaints:

BRAIN FAG,
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HEADACHE,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
NERVOUS INDIGESTION,
PALPITATION,
HYSTERIA,
NEURITIS,

NAUSEA,
LOSS OF MEMORY,
FAINTNESS,
ST. VITUS' DANCE,
TREMBLING,
VERTIGO or GIDDINESS,
PRESSURE in the HEAD,
SINKING SENSATIONS,

and in addition the somewhat Vague and Undefined Nervous Conditions (real and distressing to the patient) of

NEURASTHENIA, viz.:

OVER-SENSITIVENESS, IRRITABILITY,
LASSITUDE, RESTLESSNESS,
ILL-TEMPER, MELANCHOLIA,
VAGUE FEARS, MOROSENESS, and
DESPONDENCY or GENERAL NERVOUS
DEPRESSION, DEBILITY and
MORBID FOREBODINGS, MENTAL EXHAUSTION,

with inability to concentrate the mind. Each and every one of these distressing conditions can, however, be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Cures all Nerve Complaints.

Remember:—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. You will be wise to fill in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 26) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a Week's Supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. ONE Trial Bottle only to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, etc., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.